DENIQUE CŒLUM

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
4901

Box
110

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/untilday00bona

DR. HORATIUS BONAR'S LAST HYMN.

IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE. Printed on neat board, in bold type, for hanging up. Price 6d., postage 1½d.

LONDON:
HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

"Lie there, my pen! Only a little longer,
And then thy work shall be for ever done:
Death in these pulses daily groweth stronger;
Life's ruby drops are oozing one by one;
The dreams that flowed through thee shall soon be dreamed alone."

My Old Letters.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAR 22 1934
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK,"

AND OTHER HYMNS AND POEMS LEFT BEHIND.

BY
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

London
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCXC.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

PREFACE.

IN this volume I have endeavoured to bring together those hymns of my father's which have not appeared in any of his previously published works.

Of course this collection does not include *every* hymn of his as yet unpublished: some of the pieces which he left behind him were fragmentary and obviously incomplete; while others showed, by faults of rhyme and metre, that they had not undergone revision, and many such I have had, very reluctantly, to exclude from this volume. Still, there were some hymns which, even in their incomplete form, seemed to me too valuable to be lost, and therefore I have included them under

the heading of "Fragments;" and one or two others I have marked with stars at the foot, to show either that they were unfinished or that a few incomplete lines have been omitted. I would have readers bear in mind, when they come across a little roughness in the metre or imperfection in the rhyme, that not one-third of the pieces were ever revised by my father.

And again, I ought to mention that as most of the hymns were hastily jotted down in pencil, full of contractions and shorthand, I have sometimes had great difficulty in deciphering them, and in a few cases, for this reason, have had to guess at or supply a single word. In one case I have ventured to supply a line, judging it better to do this, than to omit a hymn otherwise complete.

In every case, when I could get it, I have given the date of each piece, but it is only a few of the later ones which are dated;

though, from internal evidence, I find that some of the hymns in this volume were written more than forty years ago. A few will be recognized as having already appeared in print in different periodicals and hymn-books; some were first published in the *Presbyterian Monthly*, and several were written at Mr. Sankey's request. I am much indebted to Messrs. Castell Bros., London, for permission to publish some pieces of which they have the copyright. Let me also thank the many kind friends who have sent me hymns of which I had no copy, and of whose existence I had often no idea.

The title of this volume has a special connection with my father. All through his last, long, weary illness the text, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away," hung opposite him as he lay; it was his constant comfort, and was as perpetually on his lips

as it was before his eyes. Once, in great weakness, he asked, half-despondently, "How long is this to last?" and then, without allowing any one time to speak, he himself answered, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." This text, to him so full of glorious promise, is now graven on his tomb, in the heart of the busy city which he loved so much, the city where he was born and where he died; and for him at last the day has broken and the shadows have fled away.

HORATIUS N. BONAR.

The Grange, Edinburgh,
March, 1890.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

GENERAL HYMNS:—

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK" 3
ANGEL MINISTERS 6
ARISE AND PRAY 9
UNCHANGING LOVE 12
"REST IN THE LORD" 15
MY LIFE-LONG PRAYER 17
THE ETERNAL PORTION 21
"LOVEST THOU ME?" 24
"WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED" . . . 27
THE HEAVENLY PILOT 30
GOD THE GIVER OF ALL 32
"THOU SHALT NEVER WASH MY FEET" . . . 34
UNDER THY SHADOW 37
REJOICE AND BE GLAD 40
THE DAY OF SATISFACTION 43
"GO IN PEACE" 46
CHRIST FOR US 48

PAGE

I WOULD SEE JESUS 51

THE BETTER SACRIFICE 53

CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE 55

OUR FIRST AND LAST 57

"THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY" 59

"LEAVING US AN EXAMPLE" 61

THE LIGHT OF LIFE 62

"SET YOUR AFFECTION ON THINGS ABOVE" . . 64

"BOW DOWN THINE EAR" 68

ONLY FOR A SEASON 70

"HEREIN IS LOVE" 73

"I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED" . . . 76

"PRAISE GOETH UP TO THEE" 78

"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH" . . 80

MORNING HYMN 81

"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS" . . . 82

I GLORY IN CHRIST 84

DISCIPLESHIP 86

"THEY DRANK OF THAT ROCK" 87

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT 89

OUR PRAYERS 93

THE SINNER'S BED OF SORROW 95

"RISE; HE CALLETH THEE" 97

"YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH" . . . 99

THE CHILDREN'S SONG 102

THE ETERNAL PENDULUM: EVER, NEVER . . 104

FAR SPENT 107

OUR REFUGE 110

PAGE

HEAVENLY PLACES 114
WELCOME 117
MEEK AND LOWLY 120
AN AGED PILGRIM 121
ERIN'S OLD SONG OF PEACE 124
"IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE" 131
NONDUM CORONATI 134
"THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING" 136
EVENTIDE 138
OLD HYMN OF PRAISE 141
THE HOME-GOING 143

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HYMNS:—

CHRISTMAS:—

CHRISTMAS EVE 149
HEAVEN'S GIFT TO EARTH 151
"THE SEED OF THE WOMAN" 152
"NO BEAUTY THAT WE SHOULD DESIRE HIM" . 154
"PEACE ON EARTH" 155
THE STAR IN THE EAST 157
WHAT THE SHEPHERDS FOUND 159
BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY 161
"UNTO YOU IS BORN IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR" 162
"WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING?" . . . 163
BETHLEHEM, AWAKE! 165
"HE IS NO LONGER HERE" 166
STAR OF JACOB 167

PAGE

NEW YEAR:—

BURY NOT THE PAST 168
LABUNTUR ANNI 171
HOW LONG? 173
NEW YEAR'S THANKSGIVING 177
THE PAST 178
THE YEAR'S FIRST MORNING 180
"SPACE TO REPENT" 182
"HE FLEETH AS A SHADOW" 185
STEER FOR THE HAVEN 188
STRANGERS HERE 189
MAKE FRIENDS WITH TIME 190
THE DIVINE LIGHT 191
"ABIDE IN MY LOVE" 192
ABIDING PEACE 193

HYMNS OF ISRAEL:—

"REJOICE YE WITH JERUSALEM" 197
UNCHANGING LOVE 201
"THOUGH IT TARRY, WAIT FOR IT" . . . 203
ISRAEL'S RETURN 206
TIDINGS FOR ISRAEL 209
EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE 212

POEMS:—

BLUE ABOVE 217
THE WORLD'S STORM 220
MY HOLYDAY 223
YON SHADED GLEN 226

PAGE

THE HILL BEYOND 229

NIGHT HOPES 232

OUR HYMN OF DELIVERANCE 235

LUTHER 243

FRAGMENTS:—

HUMAN TEARS 255

GONE BEFORE 257

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF AN INFANT . . . 259

THE MORNING OF JOY. 261

SORROW 262

THE TWO SEEKERS 264

CONFESSION 266

"ONCE OFFERED TO BEAR THE SINS OF MANY" . 267

LIFE'S SHADOWS 268

ARISE, AND COME AWAY 269

PARAPHRASE OF ISAIAH LX. 19, 20 270

THE FLIGHT OF TIME 271

A CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA 272

SUNRISE 274

SUNSET ON THE SEA 275

TO P. S. C. G. 276

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF HYMNS 279

GENERAL HYMNS.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

FOR the vision of the Bridegroom
Waits the well-belovèd Bride,
Severed only for a season
From her Well-belovèd's side.
For the hour when morn ascendeth,
And the shadows disappear,
For the signs of heavenly glory,
She is waiting, waiting here!
Morn of morns, it comes at last,
All the gloom of ages past.
For the day of days the brightest
She is waiting, waiting here!

For the coming of the Bridegroom,
Whom, though yet unseen, we love;
For the King of saints, returning
In His glory from above;
For the shout that shakes the prison,
For the trumpet loud and clear,
For the voice of the archangel,
She is waiting, waiting here!
Morn of morns, it comes at last,
All the gloom of ages past.
For the day of days the brightest
She is waiting, waiting here!

For the light beyond the darkness,
When the reign of sin is done,
When the storm has ceased its raging,
And the haven has been won;
For the joy beyond the sorrow,
Joy of the eternal year,

For the resurrection splendour,
She is waiting, waiting here !
Morn of morns, it comes at last,
All the gloom of ages past.
For the day of days the brightest
She is waiting, waiting here !

For the day of ended battle,
For the victor's palm and crown,
For the day of recognition,
When the King shall claim His own ;
For the day when He who loved her
Shall in glory reappear,
For the day of revelation,
She is waiting, waiting here !
Morn of morns, it comes at last,
All the gloom of ages past.
For the day of days the brightest
She is waiting, waiting here !

ANGEL MINISTERS.

Λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα.—Heb. i. 14.

DOES the way seem long and lonely?
Does the silence whisper fear,
As if enemies were watching,
And no loving eye were near?
On each side are unseen friends;
Every step an angel tends.

Angel-legions all about thee,
Death and danger to repel;
Angels o'er thee and before thee,
What are all the hosts of hell?
Perils thicken, tempests chafe,
Fiends assail thee; thou art safe.

Angel-guards, how near and gracious;
Angel-shields, how broad and bright;
Angel-eyes, how quick and tender;
Angel-hands, how full of might!
What a wondrous company,
Pilgrim, waiteth upon thee!

Not the thousand times ten thousand
Of man's proudest war array,
Not the steel of bannered squadrons
Could thee shield so well as they,
Sent from heaven as ministers
Of the kingdom's blessèd heirs.

Hopeless oft may seem the ventures
Of the pilgrim-march below;
Never will thy guards desert thee,
Never fear to face thy foe;
Caring for thee day and night,
In the journey or the fight.

Gabriel, Michael—who I know not—
May be leader of the host;
Named or unnamed, they will keep thee,
Fearing, fainting, danger-tost;
Wounded oft and battle-worn,
Thou canst never be o'erborne.

Yet 'tis not angelic legions,
With their skill, and care, and might,
That can guard thee from the perils
Of the darkness or the light.
'Tis the King of angels who
Can conduct thee safely through.

Lean on Him to whom the legions
Of the angelic host belong,
Captain of the heavenly army,
True and faithful, wise and strong.
Hands may slacken, eyes grow dim;
Only, only lean on Him.

ARISE AND PRAY.

CHURCH of the living God!
To thee 'tis given to stand
Between the living and the dead,
Thy censer in thy hand.
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

Church of the living God!
Come, gather round the throne;
A vast and goodly multitude,
Yet all in spirit one.
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

Church of the living God!
Look round about and see
The sin, the darkness, and the death,
The hopeless misery.
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

Church of the living God!
Oh, call to mind the love
Wherewith thou hast been loved of God!
And fix thine eye above.
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

Church of the living God!
Earth's dreams are not for thee;
Earth's strife beseemeth not a soul
From earthly bonds set free.
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

Church of the living God!
'Tis thine to intercede
For earth's sad crowds of dying men;
Oh, lift thy voice and plead!
In this dark, evil day,
Awake, arise, and pray.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

LONG hath He waited for you, long ;
Untired He waiteth still.
"Will He receive me now?" you ask.
Receive you? Yes, He will!
The bruisèd reed He breaketh not ;
The smoking flax He quencheth not ;
He will not cast you out.

Long hath He loved, long sought you out ;
Unchanged, He loveth still.

"Will He forgive me now at last?"
Forgive you? Yes, He will!
The bruisèd reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

In all His fulness, there He stands,
Your empty soul to fill.
"Will He take pity on my wants?"
Take pity? Yes, He will!
The bruisèd reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

He is not weary of His love,
Nor does that love grow chill.

"Will He the wanderer embrace?"
Embrace you? Yes, He will!
The bruisèd reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

Draw near: He meaneth only love;
He meaneth not your ill.
"Will He adopt me as a son?"
Adopt you? Yes, He will!
The bruisèd reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

"REST IN THE LORD."

HE shed His precious blood,
And this is rest.
He made our peace with God,
And this is rest.
He died upon the tree,
And this is rest.
He rose again for thee,
And this is rest.
He lives and intercedes,
And this is rest.
For us He lives and pleads,
And this is rest.

Rest, then, in Him, O man,
With weariness oppressed;
Rest thou, in Him believe
Who is the sinner's Rest.
Thy every load on Him,
Whate'er that burden be,
Cast in the plenitude of faith;
The resting-place is free.
He bids thee come to Him;
In love He beckons thee;
He speaks the words of grace,
"Come, and find rest in Me."

MY LIFE-LONG PRAYER.

TO E. M. B.

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.

TEACH me Thy love, O gracious Son of God!
The love that passeth knowledge teach Thou me.
Like living water let that love flow in,
In heavenly freshness coming straight from Thee.

Quench Thou my thirst with this great love of Thine:
No other love but Thine can satisfy;

No love save that, that welleth from the cross,
Can the deep want of this poor soul supply.

Light up my spirit with this love of Thine;
Let the day break and every shadow flee;
Cast out all darkness, cast out every fear;
Let this bright love be light and peace to me.

Oh, feed my famished soul with Thy rich love!
Better than choicest viands let it be;
Revive my faintness with this bread of heaven,
And with this royal wine refresh Thou me.

Strengthen my spirit with Thy quickening love,
And through the wilderness lead Thou me on.
In day of weariness, oh, give me rest!
Let me press upward till the prize be won.

Comfort my heart with this sweet love of Thine
In days of sorrow which I know must be;

Guide me, O Lord, guide all I love on earth,
Through the deep darkness, till the shadows flee.

Prepare me for Thy coming; for I know
That in an hour we think not Thou wilt come.
Washed in Thy blood, and clothed in raiment fair,
Let me be ready for my glorious home.

Keep me, oh, keep me by this love of Thine
From this poor world and all its vanities,
Unspotted from its pleasures and its sins!
Keep me, oh, keep me, till the glory rise!

Guard me, oh, guard me, in each evil hour,
From the dark enemy that seeks my life!
Preserve me under covert of Thy shield,
Till victory shall end this mortal strife.

Let me, then, dwell in love, and love in me,
My guide and light Thine everlasting word;
So shall I safely brave the perils here;
So shall I be for ever with the Lord.

February 4th, 1871.

THE ETERNAL PORTION.

TO E. F. B.

JESUS—let Him thy portion be :
He only gives the spirit rest ;
He who hath spoken, "Come to Me,"
He bids thee know Him and be blest.

Jesus—let Him thy model be :
More like Him every hour become ;
In Him thy true example see ;
Oh, never from His footsteps roam !

What lies before thee here on earth,
Of joy or grief, of good or ill,

None knows save He who gave thee birth ;
He keepeth and will keep thee still.

Clasp thou His hand in dark or light ;
Take Him for thy eternal Friend ;
From fears and foes, by day or night,
He'll guard thee to the glorious end.

Oh, love Him ! for He loveth well ;
Let Him with love thy spirit fill ;
How much He loveth none can tell,
And to the end He loveth still.

He wants thee to be all His own ;
He claims an undivided heart ;
He seeks to reign in thee alone :
Oh, never from His side depart !

Give Him but this, and all is well ;
The fulness of His joy is thine ;

In thee He shall for ever dwell,
And in His glory thou shalt shine.

No joy like His on earth below
For the young spirit seeking bliss,
And in no other canst thou know
The fulness of a love like His.

January 17th, 1880.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

SEEKING Thy lost ones here on earth,
As o'er life's wastes they darkly stray,
We would Thy footsteps follow, Lord,
And hear Thy voice along our way:
"Lovest thou Me?"

Sowing the seed in tender hearts,
We would give earnest, loving heed
To Thee, still speaking from above,
Thee, the great Sower of the seed:
"Lovest thou Me?"

Feeding the flock, for whom Thy life
Thou gavest on the cross of woe,
We seek the pastures green, and there
The voice that searches us we know :
"Lovest thou Me?"

Watching the fold, of which Thou art
The loving Shepherd ever near,
We face the prowling foe, as falls
The well-known voice upon our ear :
"Lovest thou Me?"

Teaching the dull and obdurate
The blessed truth Thou taughtest us,
We would not for one hour forget
The voice still speaking down to us :
"Lovest thou Me?"

Cheering the downcast, drying up
The tears from heavy eyes that flow,

We hear the quickening, searching words,
Still new, though uttered long ago :
"Lovest thou Me?"

Guiding the wanderers to a home,
The one dear home for weary feet,
Take thou our hand and theirs in Thine ;
Let the old words sound fresh and sweet :
"Lovest thou Me?"

Warning the wayward, lifting up
The fallen and lonely, Saviour, fill
With happy love these hearts of ours,
And ask of us the question still :
"Lovest thou Me?"

When bidding them the world forsake,
And go to Thee without the gate,
Lord, question us ; Lord, search our hearts ;
Let the old words still penetrate :
"Lovest thou Me?"

"WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED."

BEARER of sin, He came to earth,
Though rich, for us becoming poor,
God manifest in flesh for us,
Our lot of darkness to endure.

Bearer of sin, He lives our life,
The sinless, 'mid the sinful, here ;
He walks on earth, with holy lips,
To speak the words of heavenly cheer.

He came in lowliness and grace,
Our pain and poverty to share ;

No sickness, that He did not heal ;
No burden, that He did not bear.

No wound, but He could bind it up ;
No tear, but He could wipe away ;
For weariness He giveth rest,
For sorrow's midnight bringeth day.

For us He stands condemned by men ;
For us He wears the thorny crown ;
The Sacrifice for sin, He dies ;
His life for ours He layeth down.

Guilt not His own but ours He takes ;
Stripes not His own but ours He bears;
For us is scourged and buffeted ;
For us the purple robe He wears.

For us He drinks the bitter cup,
For us receives the felon's doom ;

For us He bows beneath the curse,
For us descends into the tomb.

'Tis finished : He has done it all ;
Peace He has made 'twixt earth and heaven.
That cross proclaims the Father's love,
The cancelled debt, the sin forgiven.

To Father and to Son the song
Of joy and thankfulness we raise,
To Holy Spirit, Three in One,
We give the everlasting praise.

THE HEAVENLY PILOT.

KEEP the helm well in hand;
It is a stormy sea;
The billows break, the timbers shake,
The barque rolls heavily.
Keep the helm well in hand;
The breeze is rising fast;
Yet slack not sail, although the gale
Bendeth the noble mast.
Thou hast a Pilot at thy side
In every peril, true and tried.

Compass and chart are all
On which thou canst rely;

The stars are gone, the night is lone ;
All gloomy is the sky.
Rocks threaten thee all round :
Steady be hand and eye ;
Be calm and brave, though wind and wave
Sweep o'er thee heavily.
Compass and chart are at thy side
In every peril, true and tried.

Trust not thy strength and skill.
What is thy pilotage,
When in the dark thy feeble barque
Braves the wild tempest's rage ?
One Pilot, one alone,
Can, in thy night of fear,
When hope is dead and strength has fled,
Thy labouring vessel steer.
He ever standeth at thy side
In every peril, true and tried.

GOD THE GIVER OF ALL.

EVERY good and perfect gift
Descendeth from above;
All He gives is freely given;
God, our God, is love.

Giver of all gifts Divine,
Give me more and more
Life and light and peace and joy,
From Thy boundless store.

Everything this needy soul
Is sighing for, impart;
All that can satisfy and cheer
This ever-longing heart;

All the pardon and the grace,
The strength and blessedness,
The power for service here below,
The deepening holiness;

Everything this needy world
Requireth, Father, give,—
The blind to see, the deaf to hear,
The dead in sin, to live.

Father of lights, our God,
There is no change with Thee;
As Thou hast been in ages past,
So shalt Thou ever be.

O Giver of all good,
For evermore the same,
Hear when we plead Thy love and truth,
In the one blessèd Name!

THOU SHALT NEVER WASH MY FEET."

JOHN xiii. 8.

SHALL I never wash thy feet?
Sinner, say not so.
See Me standing, waiting, pleading;
Wilt thou say Me no?

Shall I leave thee thus unwashed,
Plead with thee in vain?
Shall I turn away in sorrow,
Who shall wash thee then?

All My offers, all My love,
Dost thou disallow?
See, My hands have poured the water;
Let Me wash thee now.

Am I not sincere and true,
Speaking what I mean?
See Me with the towel girded;
Wilt thou not be clean?

Dost thou not My cleansing need?
Shall I turn from thee?
Then no pureness, goodness, beauty,
And no part with Me!

Once again, oh, hear Me say,
Let Me wash thy feet;
Thou shalt know it all hereafter,
When in heaven we meet.

When we meet beyond the cross,
When we rest above,
Thou shalt understand hereafter
All this weight of love.

Once again, then, hear My words,
Ere I turn away;
Let Me, sinner, wash thee, cleanse thee;
Do not say Me nay.

UNDER THY SHADOW.

UNDER Thy shadow,
Shepherd and King,
Safe from all evil,
Under Thy wing.
Strangers and pilgrims,
Forwards we move,
Calm in Thy keeping,
Strong in Thy love!

Leaning upon Thee,
Close by Thy side,
In Thy communion
We would abide.

Closer still clinging,
Saviour, to Thee,
Daily our journey
Upwards shall be.

Goodness and mercy
Ever attend,
Guidance and keeping
On to the end!
Solace in sorrow,
Brightness in gloom,
Light everlasting
Over the tomb!

Counsel and comfort,
Whate'er befall,
Thou wilt afford us,
Saviour, in all.

Let Thy glad presence
Still with us dwell:
Nothing shall harm us,
All shall be well.

Faint yet pursuing,
Upwards we rise;
See the bright city,
Yonder the prize!
On to the haven,
To the calm shore,
In the fair city
Safe evermore!

July, 1883.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises; tell the story
Of Him who was slain.
Sound His praises; tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed; the shadows are past.
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad! For the blood has been shed!
Redemption is finished; the price has been paid.
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree!
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high!
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad! For He cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain!

Sound His praises ; tell the story
Of Him who was slain.
Sound His praises ; tell with gladness,
He cometh again !

THE DAY OF SATISFACTION.

WHEN I shall wake on that fair morn of
morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied!

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child
embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied!

When I shall meet with those whom I have
loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied !

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and
stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied !

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied !

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds, and storms, and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied !

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear,
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe
the tear,
I shall be satisfied !

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied !

"GO IN PEACE."

HEAR the glad words of grace,
The words of pardoning love,
Once spoken here on earth,
Now coming from above,
By Him our sins who bore :—
"Go, sinner, go in peace ;
Go, and sin no more!"

Hear the glad words of grace ;
'Tis finished ; all is done ;
The everlasting peace is made,
The victory is won,

By Him our sins who bore :—
"Go, sinner, go in peace ;
Go, and sin no more ! "

Hear the glad words of grace,
That come from yonder tree ;
The veil is rent, the blood is shed,
The way to God is free,
By Him our sins who bore
"Go, sinner, go in peace ;
Go, and sin no more ! "

Hear the glad words of grace ;
Come, wanderer, boldly come ;
Oh, hear the Father's voice of love
That bids thee welcome home,
By Him our sins who bore :—
"Go, sinner, go in peace ;
Go, and sin no more ! "

CHRIST FOR US.

HE took our flesh!
As man to live our life below,
As man our death to undergo,
As man to bear our guilt and woe:
Behold, behold the man!

He took our place!
The Righteous for the unrighteous dies;
Upon the altar bleeding lies
The sin-atoning Sacrifice:
Behold the Christ of God!

He took our sins!
He callèd them His own, and they

On Him as the Sin-offering lay ;
He bore each one of them away :
Behold the Lamb of God !

He took our guilt !
Guilt as the ocean-flood immense ;
Bore it, in love, for ever hence ;
Gave in exchange His innocence :
Behold the Son of God !

He took our death !
The death we should have undergone
God's holy, well-belovèd Son
Accepts it as in law His own :
Behold the Surety's cross !

He took our doom !
For us the Sinless sin was made,
Our condemnation on Him laid,
Our everlasting debt was paid :
Behold the empty tomb !

He took our name !
The second Adam, next of kin,
Man, very man, without, within,
In everything excepting sin :
Behold the Son of man !

He bore our shame !
Descending from the heavenly throne,
Bruised, buffeted, and spit upon,
He bore the sinner's shame alone :
Behold the King of kings !

I WOULD SEE JESUS.

I WOULD see Jesus now, when life is bright,
And not a shade has crossed my sunny brow;
When every flower is gemmed with dew and light,
And youth's sweet blossoms hang on every bough;
Ere grief has yet been known. I would see Jesus *now*.

Earth's sun is bright, but not so bright as He;
Earth's flowers are sweet, but He is sweeter far.

His is the fairest form of all I see;
His voice is melody without a jar;
His face the joy and light of the fresh morning star.

I would see Jesus in the day of gloom,
When comfort from the feeble lips of men
Is all in vain; when by the open tomb
I stand, and ask with pleading voice, "Oh, when
Shall it unclose and give me back my own again?"

* * * * *

THE BETTER SACRIFICE.

LOOK on the better sacrifice, O Lord,
And when Thou lookest, then remember me!
I too would look upon Thy sacrifice,
And looking thus, I would remember Thee.

Look on the better sacrifice, O Lord,
And when Thou lookest, then converse with me!
Beside Thy sacrifice I take my stand,
And standing there, I would converse with Thee.

Look on the better sacrifice, O Lord,
And when Thou lookest shine, then shine on me!
It is through this alone Thou speakest peace,
And all my sunshine is alone from Thee.

This better sacrifice, it sets me free;
It brings to me the comfort from above;
It opens wide to me the boundless grace,
The fulness of Thine everlasting love.

CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

ENOUGH of blood: raze the old altar now,
And quench the fire that has for many an age
Been burning with that strange unearthly glow,
As if no time its fierceness could assuage:
Peace, heavenly peace, is now our heritage.

All sacrifice is o'er: send back the lamb
To the green fields; no more we need its blood.
The day of health has come; the blessed balm
For the sick conscience grows in yonder wood;
Death now is life, our lamb the Lamb of God.

Dry up the crimson stream, and wash away
From the red pavement every trace and stain
Of the old blood that flowed for many a day;
Let nothing of the unfinished past remain:
'Tis finished now, and the One Lamb is slain.

Scatter the ashes, strew them far and wide,
The symbols of a fire which to its last
Has burnt, and in its burning thus has died.
Into that fire our guilt has all been cast,
And the dread wrath is now for ever past.

OUR FIRST AND LAST.

REST of all rests art Thou ;
In Thee we rest :
Joy of all joys art Thou ;
Then are we blest.
Gladness is still with Thee,
Jesus, shine down on me,
Naught shall molest !

Star of the East art Thou ;
Thy blessed ray
Turneth the morn to noon,
The night to day.

Shine, O Lord, brightly shine,
Into this soul of mine,
  Shine night away!

Teach us the song above,
  Even here below;
The glad new song of love,
  Lord, teach us now!
Thus shall we, day by day,
Sing all along the way,
  Till our hearts glow.

Spirit of love and light,
  On us come down;
Oh, fill us, fill us here
  With joy unknown!
Spirit the Comforter,
Keep us and seal us here,
  Till the day dawn!

THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY."

ENOUGH of earth ; its light
Is fading fast away :
Enough of earth ; its night
Is passing into day.
I would not live alway,
Soon ended is this day of strife ;
I go to Him, the Lord of life.

Enough of earth ; its jars
Are dying on my ear :
I leave its storms behind,
In heaven they disappear.
Farewell to pain and fear !

Within the city of the blest
Will be my everlasting rest.

Enough of earth, when death
Reigns o'er these fields of doom:
Above mortality,
Beyond the hateful tomb,
I see my glorious home,
My home of life prepared above,
My heritage of joy and love.

"LEAVING US AN EXAMPLE."

TO visit earth, O Master,
Thou camest from above;
Thy hands all full of blessing,
Thy heart all full of love.

To the sharp cross Thou wentest,
Thy boundless grace to prove;
Thy hands still full of blessing,
Thy heart still full of love.

So let my course be daily
As through this world I move;
My hands all full of blessing,
My heart all full of love.

November 9th, 1864.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

LIGHT of the world, I come to Thee !
Take Thou my hand, be Thou my Guide,
Better than life or light to me ;
There is no darkness at Thy side.

Light of the world, light up my heart !
Be Thou my everlasting Sun ;
Thy brightness to my soul impart
While through this waste I wander on.

Light of the world, Thy love is all
I need to guide me through the gloom.

The way is dark; on Thee I call,
A pilgrim passing to the tomb.

Light of the world, oh, speak to me,
In this rough scene of change and strife!
Say, "I will keep and comfort thee;
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

1877.

"SET YOUR AFFECTION ON THINGS ABOVE."

THY youth is still upon thee; use it well:
No days so precious as the days of prime!
Count every hour a gem; keep sentinel
Against each robber of thy priceless time:
Count every day misspent a failure and a crime.

Aim high; look upward; let not thy young eyes
Gaze only upon earth and earthly things.

Above thee, though beyond thy vision, lies
Thy home, the end of all life's wanderings;
The home which each swift day nearer and
nearer brings.

Fight the good fight of faith; press bravely on;
Follow the steps of thy victorious Lord.
For thee He fought the foe and won the
fight;
Into thy hands He puts the well-known
sword,
And gives thee day by day the conquering
battle-word.

Let not the world's gay crowd seduce thine
eye,
Or draw thy footsteps from the narrow way;

Let not that world's bewitching melodies
Enchain thine ear and lead thy heart astray,
Or into idle dreams thy deathless soul betray.

Heaven is above thee, with its open gate
And loving welcome; enter, enter in:
The angels beckon thee; why wilt thou wait?
Why choose the woe, the peril, and the sin,
When all that love can give thou mayst so freely win?

What has this earth to give thee at its best?
What are its splendours but a transient ray?
No cure for life's great heartache, and no rest
For the o'er-weary spirit in the day
When the dark vision comes and hope has fled away.

The cross still stands; how brightly does it shine!
The refuge for the troubled soul is there.
Home of the wanderer; let that home be thine;
No darkness yonder and no heavy care—
Only the blessed balm of heaven's all-healing air.

October 29th, 1881.

"BOW DOWN THINE EAR!"

BE not far from us, Lord,
For enemies are nigh,
And only Thou canst help.
Oh, hear our daily cry!
Answer, O Lord, right speedily,
And pity, as we plead with Thee!

Be not far from us, Lord,
For error is around,
And all this world of ours
Is like enchanted ground.
We see, and yet we do not see,
Such is its wondrous witchery.

Be not far from us, Lord,
For Satan works in power,
And with hell's sophistries
Assails us every hour.
He beautifies each sin and lust,
He dazzles us with gilded dust.

* * * * *

ONLY FOR A SEASON.

'TIS only for a season;
How long we cannot tell,—
A quickly passing season;
And all will then be well.

We parted at the river;
They hasted on before,
And we behind them tarried
On this tempestuous shore.

They went to be with Jesus;
We could not stay their flight:

They rose above the darkness ;
We still remain in night.

They sweetly sleep in Jesus,
Beyond the fear of ill ;
Theirs is the blessed resting ;
Ours is the watching still.

The day of meeting cometh,
The drying up of tears,
The day of glad reunion
In the long eternal years.

The parting it was bitter ;
The meeting will be sweet,
The sweeter for the parting,
When we our loved ones greet.

I see the hands that beckon,
The eager looks of love :

"Oh, come up, come up hither!
'Tis all so fair above."

We could not guess the purpose
Of parting us below,
But what just now we know not
We shall hereafter know.

Culloden, *July* 10*th*, 1874.

"HEREIN IS LOVE."

IN this the wondrous love of God
Has been most brightly shown:
For us the Father, in His grace,
Has sent His only Son.

In love, the Son of His great love
For sinners He hath given,
That we on earth, the dead in sin,
Might have the life of heaven.

The Son of His eternal love
In love He sent to earth,

That we, the heirs of wrath, might have
The new and heavenly birth.

Herein is love above all love,
Not that we lovèd Him,
But that He lovèd us and sent
The captive to redeem.

And we have known and have believed
The love on us bestowed,
Love passing knowledge, love Divine,
The perfect love of God.

There is no fear in love like this;
Darkness and dread are gone.
By this we answer every doubt:
"He sparèd not His Son."

He that still stands afar in dread
This God hath never known,

Nor measured the eternal Gift
God's well-belovèd Son.

It is this true and perfect love,
Within us shed abroad,
That casteth out all fear, save that
Which draws us nearer God.

O love beyond all human thought,
We cast ourselves on thee,
Without beginning, without end,
Unchangeable and free !

"I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

I LEAN upon no broken reed,
Nor trust an untried Guide;
I know Him and He knoweth me,
He walketh by my side.

I hold His hand, as on we walk,
And still He holdeth mine;
It is a human hand I hold;
It is a hand Divine.

"Hold Thou me up," is still my cry,
As o'er the rugged road

Of this my pilgrimage I move,
That leads me nearer God.

Lord Jesus, Thou the First and Last,
Oh, when wilt Thou appear,
And bring the long, long looked-for dawn
Of the eternal year?

"PRAISE GOETH UP TO THEE."

FROM this green earth of ours,
From this wide rolling sea,
From these fair hills and vales,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From every field and plain,
From every flower and tree,
From every stream and rill,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

God of the heaven and earth,
Thou Lord of all we see,

From this creation of Thy hand,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From men of every clime,
From lips of bond and free,
From age and infancy,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From all that e'er hath been,
From all that yet shall be,
Of Thy vast handiwork,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."

YE virgins, gird your loins!
Awake! arise! prepare!
The Bridegroom summons you
To meet Him in the air.

Ye virgins, trim your lamps;
It is the midnight cry!
Behold, the Bridegroom comes;
He whom ye love is nigh.

Ye virgins, take your harps;
Tune every golden string:
He tarries now no more;
He comes, your Bridegroom King!

MORNING HYMN.

I WAKE from sleep, and this new day
I would with Thee, O Lord, begin.
Lead me along the narrow way ;
Keep me from evil and from sin.

Fill me each moment with Thy love,
And keep me walking by Thy side ;
Give Thy good Spirit from above,
And all the day with me abide.

Let every thought be truth and peace ;
Still let Thy praise my lips employ ;
Let all my days be usefulness,
And let my end be endless joy !

* * * * *

"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS."

IN the day when silent sorrow
On my eyelids sitteth sore,
Then I hear the heavenly comfort,
"Thou shalt weep no more."
God Himself shall dry thy tears;
God Himself shall soothe thy fears.

'In the day when earthly weakness
Weighs thy weary spirit down,
All about thee seems a burden,
All above thee seems a frown,
God Himself shall dry thy tears;
God Himself shall soothe thy fears.

'In the day when sin oppresses,
And the battle waxes strong,
When the victory seems doubtful,
Or triumphant seems the wrong,
God Himself shall dry thy tears;
God Himself shall soothe thy fears.'

I GLORY IN CHRIST.

GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in the Redeemer's cross,
Counting shame for Him but honour,
Counting earthly gain for loss.
All the love of God is here,
Love that casteth out all fear.

God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ my Lord alone
Him I lean on, Him I follow,
Him before the world I own.
All the love of God is here,
Love that casteth out all fear.

God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the Son of God ;
Him who sought me, Him who bought me,
Him who washed me in His blood.
All the love of God is here,
Love that casteth out all fear.

* * * * *

DISCIPLESHIP.

THEE would we follow to the cross ;
Without the camp to Thee we go,
Content to suffer pain and loss,
Partakers of Thy lot below.

Through storm and strife and weariness,
Seeking no rest where Thou hadst none,
Leaning on Thee, we onward press,
Our gaze upon the heavenly throne.

Thy yoke we take, and find it love ;
Thy burden is not hard to bear ;
Thy glory beaming from above
Bids us press on, to meet Thee there.

"THEY DRANK OF THAT ROCK."

THE Rock was smitten, and from it
The living waters pour;
They flow as full as at the first;
They flow for evermore.
Oh, drink, ye sons of men,
Never to thirst again!

O smitten Rock of God, to Thee
In thirst and weariness
We come; revive us and refresh,
Rock of the wilderness!
Oh, drink, ye sons of men,
Never to thirst again!

O Rock, which follows us
Where'er our steps may be,
We bid Thee welcome, and sit down
In joy each day by Thee!
Oh, drink, ye sons of men,
Never to thirst again!

Filled with the love of God,
To us the waters flow;
Filled with the grace of Christ our Lord,
They come, and never go.
Oh, drink, ye sons of men,
Never to thirst again!

Rock of eternity, Thy stream
Shall flow and never cease,
Throughout the everlasting day,
Beyond the wilderness!
Oh, drink, ye sons of men,
Never to thirst again!

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O MIGHTY Breath of God,
Spirit of love and light,
Thyself the mighty God,
Reveal Thine arm this night!

From the four winds of heaven,
Come, come, in mighty power;
Breathe, breathe upon the slain;
Breathe in this solemn hour!

The human heart is strong,
But stronger still Thou art:
Subdue each rebel will;
Take captive every heart.

Arrest the wanderer,
  Light up the gloomy soul,
Lift up the bowèd down,
  And make the wounded whole.

Quicken the dead in sin
  With Thy life-giving breath;
Bring from sin's deepest grave
  The prisoners of death.

Speak to a heedless world,
  Speak the convincing word;
Lift up Thy voice on high;
  Unsheathe Thy two-edged sword.

Bring low the proud and vain;
  Let none Thy stroke withstand;
Break through the gates of brass,
  The bars of iron rend.

Unveil the saving cross
To the lost sons of men;
Reveal the covenant blood,
That cleanseth every stain.

Thou comest like the wind;
We only hear the sound,
But know not whence it comes,
Nor whither it is bound.

O strong and heavenly Wind,
Who breathest not in vain,
Breathe on the bones of death;
Oh, breathe upon these slain!

Awake, O north Wind, come;
O south Wind, gently blow
Upon these fields, till at Thy touch
Its sweetest spices flow!

O mighty Spirit, come,
Come from the throne above,
Come in the fulness of Thy power,
And visit us in love!

Like the seven lamps of fire
Burning before the throne,
Oh, shine and burn, Thou heavenly Flame,
An everlasting sun!

Spirit of holiness,
Thy purity impart;
Give holy power, give holy peace,
To every troubled heart!

OUR PRAYERS.

"A perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations."—Exod. xxx. 8.

EMBOSOMED in the fragrance sweet
Of incense rich and rare,
Within the holy place of old,
Rose Israel's praise and prayer.

Sweetened and purified from all
The taints that here belong,
From human souls and human lips
Went up each holy song.

So, with diviner odours sweet,
Our prayers each day arise,
Divested of each earthly taint,
All fragrant, to the skies.

Perfection of the Perfect One,
We hide ourselves in Thee ;
Thy glory covers with its light
All our impurity.

* * * * *

THE SINNER'S BED OF SORROW.

Isaiah l. 11.

THOU shalt lie down, but not to rest in peace ;
No sleep of the belovèd shall be thine :
Still weariness and endless weariness ;
Unrestful evermore shalt thou recline.

Unrest of the whole being, the whole man,
Body and soul, and mind, and heart, and brain,
Hopeless unrest, sad tossing to and fro
On the eternal couch of ceaseless pain.

Lay down thy head ; 'tis heavy, and it aches
With a sad lifetime's toil and long distress :

Thou wouldest sleep, but here sleep never comes,
Nought but the everlasting wakefulness.

Lay thyself down upon thy destined couch,
Compose thy limbs and close thy heavy eye:
'Tis all in vain; thy couch is not for rest;
It soothes thee not, nor brings sweet slumber nigh.

Take warning, man of earth, wrapt closely round
In self-delusion, tangled in the snare
Of the unseen ensnarer, prince of hell,
And hear the voice from heaven, "Beware, beware!"

It is not yet too late; the cunning snare
May yet be broken, and thy feet set free!
The Breaker of all bonds, the Son of God,
Has come, eternal peace to offer thee!

"RISE; HE CALLETH THEE."

MARK x. 49.

O BLIND, O blind in sin,
There yet is light for thee!
The Healer of the world has come,
Has come, that thou mayst see.
Be of good cheer;
Arise: He calleth thee!

O blindest of the blind,
Whose eyes no ray can see;
Blind to all holy light and love,
Dark as thy soul may be;
Be of good cheer;
Arise: He calleth thee!

He comes to give thee sight,
From gloom to set thee free ;
He comes to give thee blessèd light,
To bid thy darkness flee.
Be of good cheer ;
Arise : He calleth thee !

He comes to end thy night,
He comes with liberty ;
Joy, peace, and life, behold, He brings,
And glorious victory !
Be of good cheer ;
Arise : He calleth thee !

O saddest of the sad,
Whose eyes no joy can see,
O child of weariness and gloom,
Whate'er thy case may be,
Be of good cheer ;
Arise : He calleth thee !

"YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."

LUKE xxi. 28.

I KNOW not in what watch He comes,
Or at what hour He may appear,
Whether at midnight or at morn,
Or in what season of the year;
I only know that He is near.

I know not what of time remains
To run its course in this low sphere,
Or what awaits of calm or storm,
Of joy or grief, or hope or fear;
I only know that He is near.

I know not what is yet to run
Of spring or summer, green or sere,
Of death or life, of pain or peace,
Of shade or sunshine, song or tear;
I only know that He is near.

I cannot tell my future lot,
Or that of those than self more dear;
Nor guess how much of history
Still to the Church abideth here;
I only know that He is near.

The centuries have gone and come,
Dark centuries of absence drear:
I dare not chide the long delay,
Nor ask when I His voice shall hear;
I only know that He is near.

I do not think it can be long
Till in His glory He appear;
And yet I dare not name the day,
Nor fix the solemn Advent year;
I only know that He is near.

March 13th, 1880.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

(Written for the Edinburgh Working Boys and Girls' Religious Society.)

EARLY seeking, early finding,
Happy, happy we!
Looking up in life's sweet morning,
Looking up to Thee!
We begin our children's days,
Lord of glory, with Thy praise.

Early asking, early getting,
Happy, happy we!

We would daily, blessèd Jesus,
Find our all in Thee.
In Thy fulness is the store
Of the life for evermore.

Early knocking, early opening,
Happy, happy we!
By the holy gate we enter,
Lord, to dwell with Thee,
In the city of the blest,
In the home of heavenly rest.

Early loving, early trusting,
Happy, happy we!
Looking upward, pressing onward,
Day by day, to Thee;
Leaving this poor world behind,
All in Thee, O Christ, to find.

April, 1880.

THE ETERNAL PENDULUM:
EVER, NEVER.

"EVER gladness, never sadness,"
Speaks the pendulum of heaven,
Softly swinging, gently beating,
Endless joy of the forgiven!
Sweetest music—ever, never—
Ever bliss, but never woe;
Sweetest beatings—ever, never—
Swaying softly to and fro.

Ever sunshine, never shadow,
Calm, mild, clear, celestial day:

Ever summer, never winter;
Naught of drooping or decay!
Sweetest music—ever, never—
Ever bliss, but never woe;
Sweetest beatings—ever, never—
Swaying softly to and fro.

Ever gazing, ever praising,
With the angel hosts above;
One eternal Hallelujah,
One unending song of love!
Sweetest music—ever, never—
Ever bliss, but never woe;
Sweetest beatings—ever, never—
Swaying softly to and fro.

Never sighing, never sinning;
No distrust, nor doubt, nor fear,

Through the ages of the ages,
Through the long eternal year!
Sweetest music—ever, never—
Ever bliss, but never woe;
Sweetest beatings—ever, never—
Swaying softly to and fro.

1881.

FAR SPENT.

FAR spent, far spent thy day, O man!
The solemn night is falling down,
And still thy guilt is on thy head,
Still unsecured the heavenly crown.
Yet, see, the Lord doth wait
At thy unopened gate;
It is not yet too late!

Thy little while of light and hope
Is drawing swiftly to its close,
And the long everlasting while
Comes on, with all its joys or woes.

He will no longer wait
At thy unopened gate ;
It will be soon too late !

He comes at last, the Judge of all,
No more in love to intercede ;
He comes in awful righteousness,
Judge of the living and the dead.
He will no longer wait
At thy unopened gate ;
It will be soon too late !

No more His words of peace and grace
Shall call the far-off wanderer home ;
The time of favour now is past,
The day of wrath at length has come.
He will no longer wait
At thy unopened gate ;
It will be then too late !

Make haste, O lingerer, for now
But a few moments of thy day
Remain to thee; before thee lies
The silent and untrodden way.
He will no longer wait
At thy unopened gate;
It will be then too late!

January 10*th*, 1881.

OUR REFUGE.

LORD, this is not Jerusalem;
All round about is storm and sin;
Still stand we on the battle-field,
Fightings without and fears within.
Lord, this is not our rest; we press
Through light and darkness, good and ill,
Through thorns and briars, till we reach
The calm of the eternal hill.
Oh, hear the pleadings of Thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

These hills are not the hills of light;
No Zion here, no Lebanon.
These skies are not the skies of peace,
Nor this the everlasting sun.
The crystal river flows not here,
Nor on these plains blooms Sharon's rose;
Not in this clime the tree of life,
With its fruit-laden beauty, grows.
Oh, hear the pleadings of Thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

We look beyond these scenes of strife;
We fix our longing gaze on Thee,
Father of peace: oh, fight for us,
Oh, give us more than victory!
In every hour of conflict here,
Amid the tumult of this earth,
We haste for shelter to Thy side,
The region of our heavenly birth.

Oh, hear the pleadings of Thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

Amid this mass of human sin,
In this the day of Satan's power;
We cast ourselves on Thee, O Lord,
Our shield, our hiding-place and tower.
Help us to battle with the ill
On every side that hems us in;
To do Thy work, to sow Thy seed,
For Thee to fight, for Thee to win.
Oh, hear the pleadings of Thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

The day of the eternal calm
Draws on, the day of victory;
Meanwhile, as children of the light,
We walk in fellowship with Thee.

Through clouds the star of morning shines ;
We pass along in holy fear,
Content to wait and to fulfil
Our day of tribulation here.
Oh, hear the pleadings of Thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

December, 1881.

HEAVENLY PLACES.

"Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels."—Heb. xii. 22.

MOST at home among the angels,
Least at home upon this earth;
Pressing onwards, rising upwards,
Children of the second birth;
Children of the resurrection,
Children of the world to come,
Citizens of no mean city,
Heirs of a celestial home:
Most at home in heaven!

Most at home among the ransomed,
In the Paradise of God;
Spirits of the just made perfect,
Through the one all-cleansing blood;
Most at home where holy gladness
Has its true and pure abode;
Most at home upon Mount Zion,
City of the living God:
Most at home in heaven!

Most at home amid the glory
Of the everlasting throne;
Most at home amid the splendour
Of the one unsetting sun;
Most at home amid the praises
Of the never-silent throng,
Who through ages of the ages
Sing their never-jarring song:
Most at home in heaven!

Most at home in the high presence
Of the God on whom we call,
Of the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Of the glorious All in all,
Where the song is "Holy, holy,
God Almighty, great I AM,"
And the full responding chorus,
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb:"
Most at home in heaven!

Most at home within the bosom
Where the well-belovèd Son,
In that Holiest of holies,
Dwells for ever with His own;
Most at home within that city
Where the light of living day
Has shut out all death and darkness,
Where all tears are wiped away:
Most at home in heaven!

December 8th, 1881.

WELCOME.

IN the land of strangers,
Whither thou art gone,
Hear a far voice calling,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished, lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

Quit these haunts of riot,
Wasted, woe-begone,
Sick at heart and weary,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

See the door still open;
Thou art still My own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come; and all is pardoned,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone:
Mine is love unchanging,
My son, My son!
Welcome, wanderer, welcome,
Welcome back to home!

December 10*th*, 1881.

MEEK AND LOWLY.

MEEK and lowly let me be,
Like the Lord, who died for me;
Meek and lowly let me shine,
In the light of love Divine.

Meek and lowly, far from me
Let each lofty longing be;
Meek and lowly, let His will
Be my guide, my compass still.

Meek and lowly, by His side
Let me hour by hour abide;
Holy, humble, let me be,
Like the Lord, who died for me.

January 18th, 1884.

AN AGED PILGRIM.

"But thou art rich."—Rev. ii. 9.

(*Written for the Aged Pilgrims' Society, London.*)

I KNOW thy poverty, but thou art rich,
For all I have is thine,
My heaven, My glory, and My throne:
Canst thou, my child, repine?

I know thy poverty, but thou art rich,
For I Myself am thine;
And thou, for whom I gave My life,
Yes, thou thyself art Mine.

Think'st thou I could not give thee earthly gold
From royal stores above?
Is My eternal fulness drained?
Or have I ceased to love?

'Twas better that thou shouldst be poor on earth,
And thus I chose thy lot.
Canst thou misdoubt a love like Mine,
Or deem thyself forgot?

This passing world is poor, but thou art rich;
'Tis rich, but thou art poor;
Thy poverty is but a day,
Thy riches evermore.

I know thy poverty, but not the less
Art thou My chosen one.
Heir of eternal riches, think
How soon there comes the throne.

All things are thine, belovèd, life or death,
Or wealth or poverty;
The blood of Him who died and rose
Has bought them all for thee;

Things present or to come, thy Father's house,
With all its bright abodes:
Claim thou thy heritage, for thou
Art Christ's, and Christ is God's.

The things that eye hath never seen, nor ear
Hath heard, are all in sight.
The day of gladness comes apace;
Tears are but for a night.

September 12th, 1884.

ERIN'S OLD SONG OF PEACE.

(Written for the Scottish Association for Irish Missions.)

O'ER the green hills of Erin
The old winds wander on,
In calm or storm still singing
The song of ages gone:
Sweetly that song is swelling,
In strains all soft and low,
That hymn of holier ages,
That psalm of long ago;
Peace, peace, from God to men;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

Through the green vales of Erin
  Pours the glad lay of love,
The love that passeth knowledge,
  Descending from above ;
The love of Him who bought us,
  And sought us in our sin,
The long-shut gate who opens,
  And bids us enter in.
    Peace, peace, from God to men ;
    Goodwill, goodwill. Amen !

Through the blue skies of Erin
  The mighty melody
Steals, with its glorious tidings
  Of all things true and free ;
Of chains for ever broken,
  Of life and freedom won ;

The woes of exile ended,
Captivity undone.
Peace, peace, from God to men;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

Bright hills of ancient Erin,
Grow brighter, balmier still!
And with your mellow music
The listening valleys fill—
The heaven-begotten music
Whose cadences are peace,
Whose chimes of soothing sweetness
Shall never, never cease.
Peace, peace, from God to men;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

Fair peaks of emerald Erin,
See Scotland's glens afar,

Gleaming across the ocean,
  Beneath the same dear star
One star o'er both is beaming,
  One hope to both is given,
One love o'er both is bending,
  The pardoning love of Heaven!
    Peace, peace, from God to men;
    Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

They greet each other gladly,
  These island-sisters fair,
And with each other freely
  The heavenly tidings share.
True daughters of the Ocean,
  Each clasps the other's hand,
To give and take the welcome
  Of the one Fatherland.
    Peace, peace, from God to men;
    Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

Though Tara's harp lies broken,
And Tara's halls are dumb,
Though Tara's minstrel-voices
Are silent as the tomb,
A sweeter harp is swelling
Through Erin's pensive skies,
And truer bards are chanting
The song that never dies :
Peace, peace, from God to men ;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen !

Round the old manger-cradle
We gather hand in hand ;
Beneath one Cross we shelter ;
Upon one Rock we stand :
One holy faith is knitting
The kindred West and East ;

One Christ the blessed centre;
One Table for our Feast.
Peace, peace, from God to men
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

One Pilot through the breakers,
One port to all is given;
One love our hope and refuge,
The boundless love of Heaven!
'Tis love to man the sinner,
Free love to earth undone;
The love that knows no quenching—
The love of God's dear Son.
Peace, peace, from God to men;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

One everlasting Gospel
Shines out before our eyes,

One Temple and one Altar,
One perfect Sacrifice!
O sons of men, sore-burdened
With sin's oppressive load,
Of Erin and of Scotland,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"
Peace, peace, from God to men;
Goodwill, goodwill. Amen!

October, 1884.

"IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE."

LONG days and nights, upon this restless bed
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!
Yet Thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord;
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain:
"In Me ye shall have peace"!

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light
No respite brings with it, no soothing rest
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all
Thy love revives. Father, Thy will is best.
"In Me ye shall have peace"!

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours
Be hours of blessed fellowship with Thee.
"In Me ye shall have peace"!

Not always *seen*, the wisdom and the love,
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes;
Yet even in conflict Thy sure words sustain,
"In Me ye shall have peace"!

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unseen.
Lift Thou Me up; give me the open ear,
To hear the voice that speaketh from within:
'In Me ye shall have peace"!

Father, the hour is come, the hour when I
Shall with these fading eyes behold Thy face,
And drink in all the fulness of Thy love!
Till then, oh, speak to me Thy words of grace,
"In Me ye shall have peace"!

NONDUM CORONATI.

(FROM THE LATIN.)

"Jactamur, heu, quot fluctibus
Spes una de cœlis nitet."

ALAS, upon what billows are we tossed!
One only hope is shining in these skies;
Thither we lift our faces, sorrow-bowed,
And upward send our sighs.

Father, do Thou anticipate our prayers;
Stretch Thy strong hand to us in this dark hour;
Thus strengthened, shall our helplessness arise
From weakness into power.

O'ercome the cruel ills that crush us down,
O mightier far than all earth's sin and woe!
Thee, the Avenger of our servitude,
We fain, we fain would know.

And this vile body Thou wilt surely clothe
With all the spotless splendour of Thy Son;
Yet not without the conflict and the toil,
That glory must be won.

Blessèd the labour which Thou wilt refresh
With such a recompense of rest as this!
And who would grudge the tears of this brief life
For such eternal bliss?

Praise to the Father be, and to the Son;
And praise, O Holy Spirit, unto Thee—
Co-equal with the Father and the Son—
For ever, ever be!

"THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

(FROM THE LATIN.)

"Cœlestis, O Jerusalem!
Mansura semper civitas;
O ter beati quos tuis
Cives recondis mœnibus."

JERUSALEM celestial!
O city ever to endure!
Thrice blessed citizens whom thou
Dost hide within thy walls secure.

O home of everlasting peace,
Belovèd rest of saints in light,
Seat of the blest enjoying God,
Of the high King the palace bright!

Here on the throne their God doth bless
With His glad presence every one ;
Here shineth with all-glorious light
The Lamb, the never-setting Sun.

Here nothing mars the pleasant rest
Enjoyed by all the blessèd throng ;
Here the one labour is to rest
From everything but holy song.

Thither sure hope is calling us ;
To this our vows and prayers arise.
What is brief toil below to those
Who look for the eternal prize ?

Sun of the deathless fatherland,
Jesus, to Thee the glory be !
With Father and with Spirit, through
The ages of eternity.

EVENTIDE.

(FROM THE LATIN.)

"Grates, peracto jam die,
Deus, tibi persolvimus."

ENDED now another day;
Hour on hour has passed away:
Thanks to Thee, O God, we pay!

Night begins its course, and we,
Low, with lowly face and knee,
Now present our prayers to Thee.

Sinful has the long day been,
Not a single moment clean;
Deeply let us mourn the sin,

Lest the subtle enemy,
When in silent sleep we lie,
Gain another victory;

Seeking to devour us, lo
Like a lion to and fro
Nightly walks our cruel foe.

To Thy children shelter bring,
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing:
Succour us, O Father-King!

When, Lord, shall that day of Thine,
Day of days, begin to shine—
Day that never knows decline

When shall come that city blest
Which no foe shall e'er molest,
Fatherland of holy rest?

Praise to Father and to Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run!

OLD HYMN OF PRAISE.

(FROM THE LATIN.)

"Nil laudibus nostris eges,
Sed filios amas, Pater."

FATHER, Thou needest not our praise,
Yet for Thy children Thou dost care,
And willest that Thy heavenly grace
Should come in answer to their prayer.

The silence of the awful night
Singeth Thy wisdom's depths above;
The splendour of the day proclaims
The boundless radiance of Thy love.

O'erwhelmed with miracles like these,
The mind gives way, the voice departs;
Yet love refuses to be dumb,
Glowing within our heart of hearts.

Let it break forth in mindful song,
Nor, Father, in Thy praise be dumb,
O Thou who this life's ills dost soothe,
And pledgest the rewards to come.

To these our loving spirits turn,
But the weak flesh doth earthward tend.
Jesus, the path that leads to Thee
Help us to follow to the end!

THE HOME-GOING.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I MUST needs die,
No more, no more this earth to see
My body shall lie down in dust;
The worms, the worms shall cover me.

I must needs die:
My course of vanity shall close;
Dried up for ever then shall be
The source of all my sins and woes.

I must needs die :
The cares and throbbings of my heart,
My ills and fears, my sighs and tears,
Shall all for evermore depart.

I must needs die,
And all that here on earth below
Hath pleased or pained shall fly away,
A lie, a vanity, a show !

I must needs die,
But bright across this night of earth,
Amid its shades, the glorious light
Of the new heavens is shooting forth.

I must needs die,
And yet by dying I shall live ;
Before my God I shall appear ;
He shall the life and blessing give.

I must needs die,
But in Thy bosom I would lie,
O Father; in Thy light and love
I would rejoice eternally.

I must needs die,
But 'tis to glory that I go.
Yes, with the song of victory
I bid farewell to all below.

I must needs die,
Yet, Lord, my soul is calm in Thee.
I go to join the praise, to win
The holy palm of victory.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HYMNS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

KEEP watch, O earth, to-night:
Thy King is on His way;
He will be here ere morn.
See the far-gleaming ray
Piercing the eastern sky,
That speaks Him nigh,
Forerunner of the light,
That is to end our night
For evermore.

Awake, O earth: thy King
Has come in lowly love;

The angel-multitude,
Descending from above,
Proclaim to earth
News of His birth.
Hush, hush, ye sons of men!
At length thy King has come;
Before His face be dumb,
Thy God and King!

HEAVEN'S GIFT TO EARTH.

HEAVENLY dews are falling
On our earth to-night,
Heavenly voices calling
From these skies of light.

Silence now is broken ;
Earth replies, " Amen."
Words of peace are spoken
To the sons of men.

From the throne descendeth
He, the Lord of Light ;
To the throne ascendeth
Man, the child of night.

"THE SEED OF THE WOMAN."

MEEK and lowly,
Pure and holy,
Poor and needy,
Veiled in flesh from human eye,
All Thy heavenly majesty,
King of glory, Thou art come
From Thy high celestial home.
Thee manifest in flesh we know;
At Thy cradle would we bow,
Child of promise, Virgin's Son,
Heir of the eternal throne.

Here the woman's seed we see,
Babe of Bethlehem, in Thee;
Bearer of our awful load,
Son of man, yet Son of God.
Christ our Lord and King, to Thee
Everlasting glory be!

"NO BEAUTY THAT WE SHOULD DESIRE HIM."

NO crowd is gathered here to greet their King;
No song of triumph does Judea bring,
No trumpet sounds to tell a sleeping earth
The wondrous tidings of a mighty birth;
No heralds welcome their descending Lord;
No strains of triumph on His ears are poured:
He comes alone;
He leaves His throne,
That He may save His own;
He comes in lowliness,
The gracious Prince of Peace.
O Bethlehem, what city is like thee?

"PEACE ON EARTH."

HERE Peace alighted once,
But could not find a home.
To Him who brought it Earth
Could give no room.

Him and His peace man would not have,
And in this Child of peace
Man saw no heavenly excellence,
No grace, no comeliness.

Peace in that cradle lay
The Prince of Peace was there;
The fulness of His peace
He brought, with man to share.

That crib all heaven contains ;
Th' eternal Life there lay ;
There is the open gate,
And there the living Way.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BRIGHT star of love,
New lighted in the sky,
Fair messenger of grace,
Fresh from the heavens high,
To David's city thou art leading us—
The house of everlasting bread,
Where hungry souls are fed
On the true Bread, which came from heaven,
For earth in her great famine given.
Beloved Bethlehem, Judah's royal gem,
Home of the hungering heart,
How beautiful thou art!

And yet the crowd goes by,
Nor even turns the eye
To that poor dwelling where there lies
The Ruler of the earth and skies,
The Word made flesh, the Prince of Peace.

WHAT THE SHEPHERDS FOUND.

"Dum servant *oves*, invenerunt *Agnum* Dei."—JEROME.

FEEDING their sheep, they found the Lamb
of God,
The Lamb without a blemish or a stain,
The altar Lamb, the Lamb of sacrifice,
The Lamb from everlasting ages slain.

Feeding their sheep, they found the Shepherd
good,
Who gave His life a ransom for the sheep;

The Shepherd Who in love His scattered flock
Came down from heaven to gather and to keep.

Feeding their sheep, they found the fold of heaven,
Which whoso enters shall go out no more,
The living water there, the pastures green,
The soft, fresh air of the celestial shore.

BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY.

IN pain and poverty
Thy life on earth began ;
From the cold manger to the cross ;
Such was Thy journey, Son of man !
Bearer of sin,
Thou didst Thy course begin ;
Bearer of wrath,
Thou wentest on Thy path,
Sad, silent, and alone,
Till the great work was done.

"UNTO YOU IS BORN IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR"

LUKE ii. 11.

BETHLEHEM!
Judah's own Bethlehem,
Like a celestial gem,
City o heavenly peace,
Thou shinest in thy loveliness.
Bethlehem!
To thee in lowly love,
From the fair heaven above,
The Son of God came down
The everlasting One,
To bear our sin,
Our victory to win.

WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING?"

MATT. ii. 2.

WE went to Bethlehem,
But found the Babe was gone,
The manger empty and alone.
"And whither has He fled?"
"To Calvary," they said,
"To suffer in our stead."

We went to Calvary,
But found the Sufferer gone,
The place all dark and lone.

"Whither?" we asked.
"Into the heavens," they said,
"Up to the throne,
For us to intercede.'
So then to heaven we'll go;
The Babe is not below.

BETHLEHEM, AWAKE!

BETHLEHEM, awake!
To thee thy glory take;
Put on thy fair array,
Thou Daughter of the Day.

Arise and shine!
Earth's crown is thine.
City of cities thou,
To whom the nations bow.

Metropolis of earth,
The place of Royal birth,
Heaven's glory now
Rests on thy lowly brow.

"HE IS NO LONGER HERE."

THE Babe has gone!
He is no longer here;
Empty the manger-bed,
Where first He laid His head.

All now are gone!
The Mother and her Son
The angels are gone home;
Their voice of praise is dumb.

Upon His throne
Now sits the Royal Son,
And joy to Bethlehem is given;
It has become the gate of heaven.

STAR OF JACOB.

STAR of Jacob, light of gladness,
Israel's purest, fairest gem,
Rise to chase away our sadness,
Rise o'er lowly Bethlehem.

What is night when Thou art risen?
What would morn without Thee be?
Shine into the soul's sad prison;
Star of Jacob, shine on me!

In Thy beauty shine, revealing
Life and immortality;
Thou art hope, and joy, and healing:
Star of Jacob, shine on me!

BURY NOT THE PAST.

NAY, bury not the Past; it is not dead
Its suns are set, its days and years are
gone,
But still it liveth, full of deathless breath.
Its fields are not yet reaped, its harvest
yet done.
Oh, bury not the Past!
Let it live on and on.

Fruitful in all things good, and true, and
We turn to it and bid it teach us still.

Teacher and lesson, both in one it is.
Oh, seek thou only good, and shun thou only ill!
Oh, bury not the Past!
Let it live on and on.

Thus let me look upon the pallid face
Of the Old Year, which now has passed away;
I read in it the features of a friend
Which cannot change, nor pass into decay.
Oh, bury not the Past!
Let it live on and on.

Past years of life, though moving out of sight,
No distance can from memory destroy.
With all your sorrows, all your discipline,
Ye still shall be to me a heritage of joy.
Oh, bury not the Past!
Let it live on and on.

And thou, New Year, upon whose threshold dim
I plant my silent footsteps, tremblingly,
What thou shalt be to me I know not now,
But I shall know ere long, when thou art passed away.
Oh, bury not the Past!
Let it live on and on.

LABUNTUR ANNI.

IN vain I try to put a drag on Time ;
It heeds me not : in vain I sadly pray,
As on it rushes, "Slacken thy wild pace."
Inexorable Time, it will not pause nor stay ;
It only mocks my cry ; it grants me no delay !

It drags me on with it, and I must move,
Willing or not, along the destined way.
O Time, wilt thou not let me go, that I
May breathe awhile, though but for one brief day,
One quiet hour ? Speed not so swift away !

That strange and silent Future, how it comes
Onward and onward, with its unknown store
Of good and evil; face to face I stand
With the strange spectres of that solemn hour.
God of eternity, I ask for one day more!

HOW LONG?

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. xiii. 12.

HOW long shall the shadows linger,
And the sky be overcast?
How long shall the Day-spring tarry,
And the reign of evil last?
How long shall the sleepless surges
Beat on this helpless shore,
And the dreary winter night-winds
Prolong their sullen roar?

How long shall the Christ be slighted
By the world to which He came,
How long from this earth be hidden
The grace of His cross and name?
How long shall the holy banner
In vain o'er the nations wave,
The love of God be rejected
By those whom it seeks to save?

The years of sin, are they ending,
With their cloud, and frost, and gloom?
The day of joy, is it dawning?
Is the hope of nations come?
The reign of heaven, is it nearing,
The kingdom of truth and light?
The sun of the cloudless morning,
Is it now to end our night?

Is the silence long unbroken
About to be broken now?

The songs of the upper temple,
Shall we sing them here below?
Is the strife of passion ceasing,
The havoc, and war, and blood,
And the tumult of the ages
All hushed by the voice of God?

Is it near, the day of order,
The ending of hate and wrong,
The close of unequal battle
Of the weak against the strong?
Is the unknown calm descending
In its grandeur from above,
With the long, long promised triumph
Of righteous peace and love?

Is the unbelief now fleeing?
Is the faith, long banished, nigh?
Is the Day-star in its splendour
Lighting up our twilight sky?

When joy in its holy fulness
  Shall to our world be given,
And the veil be rent for ever
  That hides this earth from heaven?

NEW YEAR'S THANKSGIVING.

WITH thanks we closed the year ;
With thanks let us begin
Another year of strangership,
In this dark world of sin ;

Thanks for the love of God,
Which with its steadfast rays
Brightened our rough and winding path,
And cheered our stormiest days ;

Thanks for the hope on high,
That leads us calmly on,
That lifts our eye above the earth,
To the Eternal Throne.

THE PAST.

LYING sleepless oft at midnight,
All the past uprise I see;
Hoping, fearing, musing, longing,
Thus I wonder what shall be;

All the past, its endless changes,
Shadow, sunshine, gloom and light,
Calm and tempest, sweet and bitter,
Disappointment and delight;

All the past, its clouds and sunlight,
All its troubles and its rest,

All its failures and successes,
All its longings to be blest;

All the past—it flits before me,
Saying, "This is not your home."
See in front the heavenly portal;
Hear the welcome "Pilgrim, come."

THE YEAR'S FIRST MORNING.

SILENCE! The future has become the past,
The distant has become the near;
The months are now behind us which have crossed
With silent step the threshold of the year.

Silence! The morning cometh calmly up,
The sky is taking on its rosy hue;
The distant peaks have caught the early ray;
The stars are disappearing in the blue.

Silence! The New Year rises through the mist,
And speaks to us of the eternal day

That lies behind, and bids the lingerer haste,
Lest all be lost through indolent delay.

Silence! The Cross still stands before our eye,
Brighter and clearer through the clouds of time,
Unfading with the glow of heavenly grace,
Bright in the love of its own early prime.

"SPACE TO REPENT."

Rev. ii. 21.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STILL day and night alternate!
Still move the seasons round!
In man's deaf ear proclaiming
The all-unheeded sound—
Space to repent and turn from sin,
The everlasting crown to win!

All things above, around us
Continue as they were;
Yet all these on are moving
To the great final year.

Still the old stars are shining
In the unchanging heaven!
And still to man, the sinner,
Yet longer time is given!

Still rolls the sun, unresting,
Around the patient earth,
To man, the trifler, giving
Time for the second birth!

Still ebbs and flows, unhasting,
The slow and solemn sea,
Bidding each mortal dreamer
Awake, arise, and flee!

Still flows th' unresting river!
Still falls the tranquil dew!
Still breathe the budding roses
With fragrance ever new!

Not yet to man has sounded
The trumpet-note of doom:
Still there is love and welcome!
Still there is time and room!

Hearken, O heedless mortal!
Pause on thy downward road;
Make ready for the darkness;
Prepare to meet thy God!

From the destroying angel,
Flee to the shelt'ring blood;
Behold the cross of pardon!
Behold the LAMB OF GOD!

1878.

"HE FLEETH AS A SHADOW."

JOB xiv. 2.

DAYS are dying; suns are setting;
The long day will soon be here;
And these years, so swiftly flying,
Bring the everlasting year.

Days of days—thou day eternal!
Year of years—thou endless year!
What shall be thy great to-morrow—
Endless peace, or endless fear?

Like the corn before the sickle,
We are dropping day by day;

Like the vapour of the morning,
We are vanishing away.

Like the ship upon the ocean,
Like the shadow on the hill,
Like the leaf upon the river,
We are moving, moving still.

Never halting, never resting,
We pursue our solemn way;
No retracing, no returning,
Not an instant's pause or stay.

Life, oh, whither art thou drifting—
Into gloom, or into light?
Upward movest thou, or downward—
Into noon, or into night?

See the cross of Christ still standing!
See the blood yet flowing down!

See the love that waits to bless thee
In the ages yet unknown !

Hear the words of life undying,
In a dying world like this ;
Hear, and live ; become immortal,
Take the everlasting bliss.

STEER FOR THE HAVEN.

STEER for the haven; thick broods the night,
A night of tempest and of fear,
But yonder beams the beacon's welcome light:
Steer for the haven, steer.
'Tis near, 'tis near!
So speaks this opening year.

Dread not the hurricane, nor faint
Because no stars above appear;
The Pilot of the cross, He points the way:
Steer for the haven, steer.
Tis near, 'tis near;
So speaks this opening year.

STRANGERS HERE.

STRANGERS here, we lift our eye
To the everlasting rest,
Where are gathering, one by one,
All the dearest and the best.

Pilgrims, we have set our face
To the hills, o'er which afar,
In its dawning loveliness,
Shines the Bright and Morning Star.

Closing years fling thicker gloom;
Earthly beauty grows more dim;
But each opening year that comes
Brings us nearer, nearer Him.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH TIME.

MAKE friends with Time: the years are flying;
The eternal year before thee lies.
The world is fading; thou art dying:
From slumber wake, from sloth arise.
Waste not thy God-given prime;
Make friends with Time.

Take hold of Him who is undying;
In Him alone is life for thee;
On the unchanging Love relying,
Pass onwards to Eternity.
Redeem thy precious prime;
Make friends with Time.

THE DIVINE LIGHT.

COME, light of the unsetting Sun,
Sun of the endless day,
On this New Year shine sweetly down,
With clearer, holier ray!

Brightness out-shining that of earth
We seek, as on we move
Through unknown ways, still strong in Him
Whom, though unseen, we love.

In fellowship with Him we pass
Through life's untrodden years,
In hope's sweet patience waiting till
In glory He appears.

"ABIDE IN MY LOVE."

ABIDE ye in My love!
There is no love so true
On earth or heaven above;
Let it abide in you.

As the quick years sweep by,
As the months come and go,
This only changes not,
Save in its fuller flow.

It is this perfect love
That casteth out all fear;
With this great love begin
The lessons of the year.

ABIDING PEACE.

LONG years of peace :
When far from me seemed gloom
and death,
When sorrow seemed an old man's dream,
May I not once more feel your breath ?

Long years of peace :
I see afar in front of me
A heaven made up of years like yours,
A whole, a bright eternity.

Long years of peace:
I think of you as yet to come,
And wonder when Time's last New Year
Shall gladly bid me welcome Home.

1885.

HYMNS OF ISRAEL.

"REJOICE YE WITH JERUSALEM."

Isaiah lxvi. 10.

REJOICE ye with Jerusalem !
Her night of tears is o'er ;
Now comes her hour of glorious power,
And splendour evermore.
Rejoice ye with Jerusalem !
City of peace and light ;
Her morn at last is breaking fast,
And ended all her night.
Her widow's weeds are gone,
Her royal robes put on.

All ye who love Jerusalem,
Be glad ; her day has come,
Her day of days, of song and praise ;
No more her voice is dumb.
Ye who have mourned with her and wept,
Dry up your long, long tears ;
Upon her brow sits beauty now,
And joy of endless years.
Formed of each precious gem,
See her fair diadem !

Ye who have read upon her walls
The guilt, the curse, the shame,
Now full in view see fair and new
Her everlasting name.
Ye who have read upon her towers
The vengeance from above,

Read now in light the sentence bright
Of pardon and of love.
Forgiven and comforted,
She lifts her joyful head.

Ye who have listened to her sighs,
And asked, "Why is she dumb?"
Hear the sweet strain ascend again;
Her hour of song has come.
Ye who have watched her drink the cup
Of trembling day by day,
See now at last that cup has past—
The wrath has fled away.
Instead of bitterness,
She drinks the cup of peace.

The sun of earth she needeth not,
Nor asks his light again;

Jehovah is her Sun of bliss,
Her God her glory then.
Her moon again shall never wane,
Nor shall her sun descend ;
Her storms are done, her calm begun,
Her mourning at an end.
Her long, long fast is done,
Her long, long feast begun.

November 26th, 1881.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

Isaiah liv. 8.

IN a little wrath I hid
My face from thee;
For a moment wast thou hid
Israel, from Me.

But My mercy still remains
Unchanged, unmoved;
Still the Israel I love
That once I loved.

Yes, the mountains may depart,
The hills be gone,
But My love departeth not,
Israel, Mine own.

This covenant of My peace
Remaineth sure;
Through the ages yet to come
It shall endure.

See, it cometh, see the end
Of long dark years;
See at last the drying up
Of all thy tears!

Then above thee, Salem, shall
My glory rest;
Then I bless thee Zion, then
Shalt thou be blest.

"THOUGH IT TARRY, WAIT FOR IT."

LORD God of Israel,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
For Thine own Israel,
And for Thy Israel's land.

How long shall Zion mourn?
How long shall Salem sigh?
How long wilt Thou delay
The answer to her cry?

How long shall Israel roam
Without a home or name,

Without a land or King,
In weariness and shame?

And must the Gentile heel
Still tread their city down,
While from afar, they see
Its bulwarks overthrown?

How long shall that dear land
Lie lone and desolate,
Its cities in the dust,
Silence in every gate?

No voice of holy song;
No silver trumpet calls;
No priest within her courts;
No watchman on her walls!

God of salvation, come
To Thine own sons at length;

Arm of the Lord, awake,
Put on almighty strength !

To Thine own chosen flock
The great deliverance bring ;
Show this astonished earth
That Thou art Israel's King !

ISRAEL'S RETURN.

LIFT up thine eyes, Jerusalem;
Look round about and see
How from afar thy children come,
And gather unto thee.
No more in childless widowhood,
But mother of a multitude.

From every land afar
Thy sons and daughters come,
The promised land their heritage,
Jerusalem their home.
No more an exiled, scattered race;
Zion at last their dwelling-place.

With incense lo, they come, they come
With silver and with gold;
To worship, on His holy hill,
Jehovah, as of old;
To sing in their own wondrous tongue
The songs that once their fathers sung.

The stranger shall build up thy walls,
His sons thy bulwarks fair;
Salem, thou city of the blest,
Their kings do service there.
And there for ever shalt thou dwell
In peace, belovèd Israel.

Upon the holy mountains then
Shall thy foundations be,
The ancient glory overhead,
Thy King in midst of thee.
Thrice beautiful Jerusalem,
Of cities thou the peerless gem!

Lo, in the dust sits Babylon !
But thou art on the throne,
Thy foes dishonoured, desolate,
Thou the belovèd one ;
All they that hated thee laid low,
Thou with the crown upon thy brow.

November, 1882.

TIDINGS FOR ISRAEL.

BELOVÈD sons of Abraham,
First of the nations yet to be,
To you we bring the blessed news,
Salvation, great, and glad, and free ;
The everlasting peace and love,
The mighty fulness from above !

Belovèd sons of Abraham,
The years of darkness now are past :
The woman's promised Seed has come,
The Virgin's Son is born at last.
Israel, thine own Messiah see ;
The Christ, the Word made flesh, is He !

Belovèd sons of Abraham,
Behold, upon thine altar now
The great burnt-sacrifice of old
Thy fathers have refused to know:
The Lamb upon the altar see;
Thine own Messiah, that is He!

Belovèd sons of Abraham,
So long beneath the chastening rod,
Lift up your eyes to that sad cross;
Behold, behold the Lamb of God!
There, Israel, to thee is given
The everlasting love of Heaven!

Belovèd sons of Abraham,
That Gentile cross was reared for you;
For you the prayer went up from it,
"Forgive; they know not what they do."
Dying the death of shame for thee,
Israel, thine own Messiah see!

Belovèd sons of Abraham,
The Bearer of thy sin and shame
Is Abraham's and David's Son,
Jesus of Nazareth His name.
In Him thine own Messiah see;
God manifest in flesh is He!

November, 1882.

EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.

"O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me."—Isa. xliv. 21.

FORGOTTEN! no; that cannot be:
All other names may pass away,
But thine, My Israel, shall remain
In everlasting memory.

Forgotten! no; that cannot be:
Inscribed upon My palms thou art;
The name I gave in days of old
Is graven still upon My heart.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :
Belovèd of thy God art thou,
His crown for ever on thy head,
His name for ever on thy brow.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :
He who upon thee named His name
Assures thee of eternal love,
A love for evermore the same.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :
The oath of Him that cannot lie
Is on thy city and thy land,
An oath to all eternity.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :
The grace of ages deep and broad
Is grace without decay, the grace,
O Israel, of the Lord thy God.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :
Sun, moon, and stars may cease to shine,
But thou shalt be remembered still,
For thou art His, and He is thine.

November 11th, 1882.

POEMS.

BLUE ABOVE.

(*Written for some Glasgow friends.*)

ABOVE your tallest chimneys,
Ye men of Glasgow, rise!
There are grander things than chimneys
In these forgotten skies.

Leave gloriously beneath you
Your dingy *demi-jour*,
Your fog, and smoke, and steam-drift,
Your palpable obscure.

There is blue above your city ;
  There are stars above the blue,
Unbegrimed and unbemisted,
  Though shaded from your view ;

Above your masts and pendants,
  Above your house-top wires,
Above the Stygian columns
  That crown your furnace fires.

Aim high, yet higher, higher,
  Beyond the planets seven ;
Your smoke hath not yet tainted
  The golden air of heaven.

At your feet see yonder ladder,
  Right through the city haze ;
It riseth to the mansions
  Of everlasting praise.

On that city gate it resteth,
Where all is crystal clear;
No smoke, no mist, no dimness,
In that fair atmosphere.

December, 1879.

THE WORLD'S STORM.

"The sea and the waves roaring."—Luke xxi. 25.

THE tempest has been long, and through the sky
Wander the clouds, uncertain of their way;
The air is thick, and the old sun on high
Is hiding still his beauty from the day,
Under some sad eclipse or silent, sore decay.

Round the wide earth the storm its war doth wage;
O'er the far sea it spreads its saddening gloom,

Nor noon nor night its anger can assuage;
As if above us hung some hopeless doom,
Preparing for our race an everlasting tomb.

And sin hath done it all! The heavy years,
Burdening the ages, owe their heaviness
To this alone—the thousand griefs and fears
Which speak humanity's unhealed distress,
And all its told or untold broken-heartedness.

Where'er we go, 'tis shipwreck, shipwreck still;
The shore is strewed with relics of the gale;
Look where we may, from tower, or cliff, or hill,
We see the broken barque, the shivered sail,
Or hear from dying lips the long, wild, woeful wail.

Far off or near, the unabated power
Of evil reigns, confessed or unconfessed.
The prince of evil knows his day and power;

O'er the dark earth he reigns, from east to west,
The spirit of misrule, the angel of unrest.

The world is not what it was meant to be,
Nor is it what it shall one day become;
It writhes beneath its wasting misery,
Crying for help, even when it seems most dumb,
And of its stormy ages counts the weary sum.

Yet need it not despair, for help is near,
And "Peace be still" shall bring the mighty calm,
Shall bid the storm depart, the sin, the fear,
The rose come up, the myrtle and the palm,
And all its vales send up the universal psalm.

November 23rd, 1878.

MY HOLYDAY.

THE HYMN OF A CHRISTIAN WORKER.

STAY, stay behind me here, my busy thoughts,
While I go yonder for a little while.
Nay, do not follow me ; let me forget
My city stir, and fret, and heat, and toil.

Tarry behind me ; vex me, touch me not,
Ye endless aches of heart, and brow, and brain;
Vanish like mist, each scene that would recall
My vision to the crowd and street again.

Pursue me not; but let me calmly go
To the retirement which the Master sought,
Set free from all that would encumber me,
Or mar the oneness of the heavenly thought.

The stillness of the closet's stillest hush,
The lonely silence of the lonely wood,
The stream, the sea, the cliff, the dusky moor
Shall furnish me with fruitful solitude.

Tarry behind me for a season, then,
Beloved workers for the Master here;
I go that I may find in gentle rest
New fitness for the work so grand and dear.

Tarry behind, leave me, dear friends, alone,
Companions of my days and nights of toil;
I shall return to you refreshed for work:
Leave me alone with God, alone awhile.

I would return to work with you on earth,
The health of my whole man revived, restored,
Again to labour with you side by side,
In the one vineyard of our common Lord.

From my calm weeks of solitude and prayer,
Of converse with the High and Holy One,
Whose work with these poor hands we seek to do,
I would return to you a holier man.

Help me, my comrades on the harvest-field;
Help me, companions in the holy war;
That in the eternal firmament I may
Shine with the brightness of no common star.

Greystonelees, Berwickshire,
August 23rd, 1882.

YON SHADED GLEN.

FAR up yon shaded glen,
When morn is softly waking,
I hear the brooklet's lay,
Through lonely willows breaking.
To muse alone I wander on,
Afar from city riot;
That sky so near, that strain so clear,
This glen the home of quiet.

Waters of love and light,
With sun-mist sweetly glowing,

My spirit drinketh in
The magic of your flowing;
The song of mirth beyond this earth,
Unmixed with sin or sorrow:
Your loving song still pours along,
To cheer each rising morrow.

No revel-roar is here,
Stirring the brain's wild fever;
Coolness, and calm, and rest,
Breathe o'er this tranquil river.
Pure streams of peace and pleasantness
That never sing of sadness,
Oh, teach my soul, as on ye roll,
The secret of your gladness!

Dear brooklet of the hills
In this lone vale of quiet,

Oh, cast your cooling spell
O'er earth's hot haunts of riot !
Tell of the life beyond the strife
Where, with soft brilliance glowing,
The stream above of endless love
From fountains pure is flowing.

August 2nd, 1882.

THE HILL BEYOND.

"Superat cacumine nubes."—Ovid, *Met.* i. 317.

DEEP lies the valley; in its hollows sleeps
The darkness stern and still—
Darkness that may be felt;
But clear and fair, above, beyond, there towers
The everlasting hill.
None like it here on earth—
The hill of God, upon whose boundless slopes
The holy myriads stray,
The host of the redeemed;
The hill of heaven, on which the splendour rests
Of never-ending day,
The day without a sun.

Into these depths we go, as, step by step,
This life moves downward still
Into the place of tombs.
Yet not on these we fix our eye, but on
The everlasting hill,
Beyond the place of tombs—
The hill of life, where sparkle all in dew
Flowers of an endless May,
Roses of life and love;
The hill of light, upon which rests the kiss
Of the unchanging day
Day of the deathless host.

Dark are these depths beneath; the eye in vain
Attempts to probe the gloom,
Corruption's awful cell,
From which all beauty and all love have fled;
The life-absorbing tomb,
The treasure-house of dust.

Fair are the heights beyond, which sweetly tell
Of unextinguished love,
Of reunited hearts,
Unwrinkled foreheads and unweeping eyes;
The tree of life above,
Eternal fruit and shade!

All perfect; not a wrinkle on the brow
Of that wide blue serene,
On which no stain can come.
All lucent; not a shade across these orbs
That o'er us calmly lean,
And watch us in their love.
'Tis the true morning then; the night is past,
And comes not back again
To overshadow us.
In the pure light of God, ourselves all pure,
Without a shade or stain,
We dwell for evermore.

NIGHT HOPES.

"Exurge sol purissime,
Diemque da mundo suum;
Nostramque noctem illuminans,
Erroris umbram discute."
BUCHANAN (*Hymnus Matutinus*).

THE sands beneath my feet, the stars above;
The waves in front, the leafy woods behind:
Am I not compassed with the numberless,
A unit in the vast and unconfined,
'Mid these material things, a solitary mind?

Girt round about with God, in whom I live,
And move, and am—my portion and my peace—
I join creation's universal song,
The mingled lay of rest and weariness,
The varied hymn of hope, and fear, and joyfulness.

For this is not the world that is to be,
Though wondrous, both in darkness and in light,
The fair foreshadow of the perfect earth,
Freed from the mist, the tempest, and the blight,
When in one joy and song all heaven and earth unite.

Amid these vastnesses I stand and gaze
Back on their past, as o'er a misty sea,

Into their grander future, looking on
And on with eager eye, more wistfully
Musing on all they mean, on all they yet shall be.

Common we call these things of earth and sea;
I call them noble, sacred, and Divine.
Man's ruins are not half so wonderful—
Cathedral, temple, tower, or pillared shrine—
As that old ocean-rock on which these starlets shine.

Man's ruins have no ancestry compared
With these unruined monuments of time,
Which, ages without number, have withstood
The shock of tempests and the waste of clime,
Still, as when reared at first, majestic and sublime.

OUR HYMN OF DELIVERANCE.

(*Written for the Luther Commemoration.*)

"Cantemus Domino; gloriose enim magnificatus est."
—Exod. xv. 21.

FOR the Day-spring of the nations,
Of the kingdoms wide and far;
For the rising over Europe
Of the Bright and Morning Star;
For the blaze of heavenly sunshine,
For the hues of glorious day,

Coming up behind the shadows
Of the ages long and grey—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the broken chains of Europe,
For her prison-doors unbarred,
For the freedom of her peoples,
By the freedom-giving Word;
For the battle bravely foughten
With the powers of hellish night;
For the scattering of the darkness,
For the victory of light—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done

For the ended sleep of Europe,
For the rousing of her sons,
For the shivering of her idols,
For the ruin of their thrones;
For the shout of joyous wonder
As she looks around and sees
The fair flag of living freedom
Floating far upon the breeze—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the rainbow-beaming promise
Of our Europe's better birth;
For the thunder-song of gladness
O'er a liberated earth;
For the Book of peace unfolded,
Lifted up, and set on high;

For the torch of truth relighted,
Nevermore to dim or die—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the franchise of the conscience,
For the inner man unchained,
For the intellect ennobled,
And the soul's high birthright gained;
For the keys of heaven recovered
From the robber-hands of Rome;
For the Kingdom's open gateway,
And the sinner's welcome home—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the flight of ancient spectres,
That had shaded with their gloom
Both the castle and the cottage,
Both the cradle and the tomb;
For the hope of holy triumphs,
In the eras yet to be;
For the pledge to captive millions,
Of release and jubilee—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the watchword of the prophets,
That "the just shall live by faith;"
For the Church's ancient symbol
Of the life that comes through death;
For the standard of Apostles,
Raised aloft and full unfurled,

Glad deliverance proclaiming
To a crushed and trampled world—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the martyr's song of triumph,
On the wheel or scorching pyre;
For his strength of meek endurance,
On the rack or torturing fire;
For the noble witness-bearing
To the Christ the Lamb of God,
To the One unchanging Priesthood,
To the One atoning blood—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

For the brave protest of Europe
'Gainst the iron rod of Rome,
'Gainst the old Italian spoiler,
'Gainst the wolf of Christendom ;
For our Europe's bold confession
Of the one true faith and Lord ;
For the Church's bondage broken,
And her ancient rights restored—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done !

For the everlasting Gospel,
Which in splendour has gone fort
Like a torch upon the mountains,
Of a re-illumined earth ;
For the temple flung wide open,
At whose gates the goodly train

Of the nations had been knocking,
But in vain, so long in vain—
Blessèd be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word, and it was done!

September 10th, 1883.

LUTHER.

'Dixi omnia cum hominem nominavi."—PLINY *Ep.* iv. 22.

IN the strength of conscious weakness,
That leans on a strong man's arm,
No shrinking, no sinking of spirit,
No dread of defeat or harm :
He went to the battle bravely,
But he took no human sword,
And he donned no earthly armour ;
'Twas the battle of the Lord.

In the joy of a glorious freedom,
In the peace of a pardon found,
In the light of a heavenly sunshine,
That had compassed him around ;
In the life of the living Spirit,
In the power of a well-known love,
Went he forth on his mighty mission,
At the summons from above.

All the heart of Europe was heaving,
Crushed out with enslaving lies ;
She looked all around her in anguish ;
He heard her bewildered cries,
The cries of the death-stricken nations,
Overshadowed with stifling night ;
He opened the Book of blessing,
And the kingdoms owned its might.

He shook down the leaves of healing
From the boughs of Life's own tree,
Till their health, with its quickening gladness,
Went wide over earth and sea,
Went down the rejoicing ages,
Dissolving the bands of death,
Diffusing a fresh, strange sweetness,
With its soft celestial breath.

From the banks of the turbid Tiber
He heard the imperious boasts;
But he faced the blustering terror
In the name of the Lord of hosts,
In the name of a trusted Captain
That had never lost a field,
And the spell of an ancient banner
That never was known to yield.

Like the free and impatient war-horse,
That scenteth the battle afar,
And shaketh the ground with its pawings,
Went he forth to the unknown war.
He drew no sword from the scabbard,
No time-forged weapon he sought;
The spear, the sword, the helmet,
Were things which he needed not.

He stood by the sea and touched it;
Its billows were cleft in twain;
He stood by the rock and smote it,
Till its waters flowed amain.
He stood with his rod uplifted
O'er the Amalek hosts below,
Till the song of the victor ascended
O'er the Church's flying foe.

His sling with stones from the brooklet
He fills as he moves along,
Alone in his deep-felt weakness,
Against the ten thousand strong.
A stripling in shepherd raiment,
He defies the Philistian band;
He comes, he sees, and he conquers,
For his own fair Fatherland.

He heard the shouts of the foemen;
They were thousands, he but one;
The legions of Rome were advancing;
He stood there a lonely man.
The eternal volume clasping,
Heaven's rescript of life and death,
He spoke the delivering watchword,
That "the just shall live by faith."

He looketh around in silence ;
All the eagle is in his eye ;
Then aloud to the startled nations
He lifteth his voice on high.
'Tis the voice of a fellow-mortal,
Yet it comes from the Throne above ;
And it brings to the sorrowful peoples
The bright news of celestial love.

What to him were the threats of princes,
Or the bribe of earthly gains?
What to him was the rising tempest,
Bursting down on his Saxon plains?
What to him was the Roman spectre,
That crossed and recrossed his path,
Or the drops from the mimic vials
Of the old destroyer's wrath?

What to him was the seven-hilled city,
Or the priest with the triple crown,
As he launched his envenomed curses
At the monk who had braved his frown?
What to him were the thunder-echoes
From the far-off Apennine,
The bolt of the Alpine lightning
Coming down on the tranquil Rhine?

Brave herald of faith and freedom,
Apostle of ancient light,
Oh, speak to bewildered Europe
In these days of gathering night!
Sound out the immortal message,
Which of old her death-sleep woke;
And peal the far-echoing trumpet,
Which her Roman bondage broke.

Though dead, art thou not still speaking?
Have the ages wronged thy fame?
Do we read on these princely banners
But a Saxon miner's name?
Is thy grand soul-stirring story
But a dream of the cold, mute past?
Hast thou gone from earth for ever?
Are thy footprints clean effaced?

Is the spell of the mighty broken?
Has thy name but a myth become?
Has the strength of the strong man perished?
Is the voice of Luther dumb?
Has the touch which thou didst kindle
Passed away into hopeless gloom?
Is yon bust but a block of marble,
And yon grave but a vulgar tomb?

Speak again to thine old Eisleben,
To thy Wittenberg once more ;
Call aloud to the far-off millions
Beyond thy old German shore.
Let thy hand once more sweep over
All thine old harp's varied chords ;
Let the nations to life awaken
At the power of thy thunder-words !

October, 1883.

FRAGMENTS.

HUMAN TEARS.

ALL have once wept; the eye was made for tears,
As the low cloud for rain; yes, all have wept,
Or yet shall weep ere life's remorseless years
Have o'er us with their storms and shadows swept.

All have once wept; dry age and greenest prime,
The strong and weak, the foolish and the wise.
O ever-falling mists of shadowy time!
O endless tears, that drop from human eyes!

Some openly, as not ashamed to weep ;
Some secretly, upon the lonesome bed,
When grief has battled with and conquered sleep,
And memories rise, like spectres from the dead.

Some from a mighty grief that cries aloud,
And tells its tale with wailing unsubdued ;
Some from a hidden wound, which unavowed
Aches secretly in lonely solitude.

* * * * *

GONE BEFORE.

THEY go: we weep, yet dry our tears;
They die, yet die not; all is well.
They leave but feebleness and fears,
In immortality to dwell.

Farewell, we say. Why speak we thus?
Is it not well for ever there?
'Tis they should say farewell to us,
Still compassed here with sin and care.

They enter in; we trace their path;
We follow with our eyes afar,

Like one who watches as some cloud
Blots from his view some sparkling star.

Now nearer seems the loved unseen,
Nearer the dawn for which we pray ;
'Tis but a screen, a veil, a mist,
Between us and that glorious day.

* * * * *

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF AN INFANT.

IT was an undivided grief,
Not broken into parts, and spread
O'er long and weary months and years:
Mother! thy child is dead!

He did not dry up like the summer's brook
Beneath the sun's absorbing ray,
Which the eye watches in its slackening course,
Slow-ebbing in its current, day by day.

The grief was sharp, but oh, how much was spared,
Even by the sharpness of the sudden blow!
No nights of watching, days of hope and fear,
Nor the sick weariness of lengthened woe.

* * * * *

THE MORNING OF JOY.

OUT of the womb of the gloomy night
Thou bringest the gladsome day;
Out of the depths of the storm's dark night
Thou bringest the peaceful ray.

And what shall recall our earthly woe,
Or what shall our peace destroy,
When out of the sorrow at length shall flow
The long eternal joy;

When tears shall cease, and the joyous smile
Shall begin these heavenly days,
And the hopes and fears of this little while
Shall end in the endless praise?

* * * * *

SORROW.

LED onward by the joyous ray,
I thought not of the coming sorrow ;
Amid the brightness of to-day
I dreamed not of the darker morrow.

It was not till the tempest came
That I my bliss began to measure ;
When burst the wasting thunder-flame,
'Twas then I knew my priceless treasure.

It smote into life's inmost core,
Each fibre of my being tearing ;

Leaf-like, it tossed me o'er and o'er,
Then laid me down to die despairing.

It turned my garden to a waste ;
Each stem was crushed, each flower was broken,
Its fragments scattered to the blast,
Its beauty gone without one token.

* * * * *

THE TWO SEEKERS.

SEE, the lost one seeks the Shepherd,
And the Shepherd seeks the lost.
Blessèd seeking, blessèd finding,
After such a toil and cost!
Surely 'twas not meant for me;
Such a love could never be!

Each the other now is seeking;
Must they, shall they, can they miss?
Shall the Father fail to meet him?
Shall the Son mistake that kiss?
Surely 'twas not meant for me;
Such a love could never be!

Each the other now is finding ;
Such a joy and such a love,
Such a seeking, such a finding,
Never known in heaven above.
Surely 'twas not meant for me
Such a love could never be !

* * * * *

CONFESSION.

THERE never came an emptier soul to Thee,
Never, never!
All want, and weariness, and sin,
Evil without me and within.
To Thee, O Lord, I flee, I flee;
Wilt Thou say nay to me?

There never came a darker soul to Thee,
Never, never!
'Tis night with me in every part,
The mind, the conscience, and the hear
O Light of life, to Thee I flee;
Canst thou say nay to me?

* * * * *

"ONCE OFFERED TO BEAR THE SINS OF MANY."

Heb. ix. 28.

HE died the death we should have died,
The death which only He could die
Who is the Holy and the Just,
The Christ, the Son of God most high.
O blessèd death, that won our life,
And brought us from a grave of sin;
O loving death, that opened wide
The gate, and drew us sweetly in;
O mighty death, that conquered death
And did for us the kingdom win!

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

ERE life's last shadows lengthen out,
Ere thy fair sky grow dim,
Ere the dread darkness falls on thee,
Acquaint thyself with Him!
'Tis all thou needest, child of time,
To make a heaven of earth's low clime.

Nearer the setting sun thou art,
Nearer the silent brim
Of the lone stream which thou must cross:
Acquaint thyself with Him!
'Tis all thou needest, child of sin,
To make a heaven thy soul within.

ARISE, AND COME AWAY.

CANT. ii. 10-12.

HE speaketh from the throne:
"Behold, I come!"
He speaketh to His own,
Long sleeping in the tomb:
"Arise, my love, my fair one;
Arise, and come away."

The winter now is past;
The spring is come;
The turtle's tender voice
Is now no longer dumb:
"Arise, my love, my fair one;
Arise, and come away."

PARAPHRASE OF ISAIAH LX. 19, 20.

THAT sun thou shalt not need,
Nor ask his light again;
The Lord shall be a light to thee,
Thy God thy glory then.

Thy moon shall wane no more,
Nor shall thy sun descend;
Done all thy years of sighs and tears,
Thy mourning at an end.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

THE stars are still above us,
And the green earth below;
The mountains wear their helmets
Of everlasting snow;
But years are rushing past us,
Like storm across the main,
And the moments fall around us,
Like drops of morning rain.
Our summer dreams are over,
With their bewitching spells,
And autumn's fading foliage
A soberer lesson tells.

* * * * *

A CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA.

ONLY the turf is green ;
All round is wild and bare ;
O life and resurrection, come,
To make all fair !

The wave sends up its spray
Upon the broken wall ;
O Stiller of the breaking wave,
Speak when we call !

The long grass moves and bends,
As sighing o'er the dead ;
No flower above the graves
Waves its luxuriant head.

The white moss sheathes the stone,
  Effacing each old line;
The nettle spreads its shade across;
  The brambles intertwine.

Far round on every side
  Spreads the low, level sand,
While inland far a mountain peak
  Keeps sentry o'er the land.

* * * * *

SUNRISE.

THE day came freshly up, and spread itself
In living loveliness o'er land and sea;
All summer's silver song was in the air,
The song of stream, and wood, and hill, and tree.

My soul took in the music and the peace;
The beauty round me seemed to come from heaven;
The fragrance of the breathing air poured in
Like love from God Himself, all gladly given.

SUNSET ON THE SEA.

BETWEEN the mainland and the isle
The quiet wavelets brightly gleam;
Above them shines the silken sky,
As tranquil as a happy dream.
With heavens all blue, and earth all green,
Oh, could there be a fairer scene?

How peacefully along the wave,
How tranquilly beneath the blue,
Stealeth along the silent bark,
With its young, loving, smiling crew!
While from its twilight home afar
Comes slowly forth each autumn star.

* * * * *

TO P. S. C. G.

THE love that passeth knowledge,
The peace that never dies,
The life that hath no ending,
The joy beyond the skies;
The sun whose light is gladness,
And knoweth no decline,
The day that hath no sadness:
May these, my child, be thine!

On sea or land thy Keeper,
He who for thee hath died;

His loving arm around thee,
  His brightness at thy side;
Beneath His cross to rest thee,
  In His fair light to shine,
Upon His strength to lean thee:
  All these, my child, be thine!

June, 1874.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

PAGE

Abide ye in My love! 192
Above your tallest chimneys 217
Alas, upon what billows are we tossed! . . 134
All have once wept; the eye was made for tears . 255

Be not far from us, Lord 68
Bearer of sin, He came to earth 27
Belovèd sons of Abraham 209
Bethlehem! 162
Bethlehem, awake! 165
Between the mainland and the isle . . . 275
Bright star of love 157

Church of the living God! 9
Come, light of the unsetting Sun 191

Days are dying; suns are setting . . . 185
Deep lies the valley; in its hollows sleeps . . 229
Does the way seem long and lonely? . . . 6

PAGE

EARLY seeking, early finding 102
Embosomed in the fragrance sweet . . . 93
Ended now another day 138
Enough of blood: raze the old altar now . . 55
Enough of earth; its light 59
Ere life's last shadows lengthen out . . . 268
"Ever gladness, never sadness" 104
Every good and perfect gift 32

FAR spent, far spent thy day, O man! . . . 107
Far up yon shaded glen 226
Father, Thou needest not our praise . . . 141
Feeding their sheep, they found the Lamb of God 159
For the Day-spring of the nations . . . 235
For the vision of the Bridegroom 3
Forgotten! no; that cannot be 212
From this green earth of ours 78

GOD forbid that I should glory 84

HEAR the glad words of grace 46
Heavenly dews are falling 151
He died the death we should have died . . 267
He shed His precious blood 15
He speaketh from the throne 269
He took our flesh! 48
Here Peace alighted once 155
How long shall the shadows linger . . . 173

PAGE

I KNOW not in what watch He comes . . . 99
I know thy poverty, but thou art rich . . . 121
I lean upon no broken reed 76
I must needs die 143
I wake from sleep, and this new day . . . 81
I would see Jesus now, when life is bright . . 51
In a little wrath I hid 201
In pain and poverty 161
In the day when silent sorrow 82
In the land of strangers 117
In the strength of conscious weakness . . 243
In this the wondrous love of God 73
In vain I try to put a drag on Time . . . 171
It was an undivided grief 259

JERUSALEM celestial! 136
Jesus—let Him thy portion be 21

KEEP the helm well in hand 30
Keep watch, O earth, to-night 149

LED onward by the joyous ray 262
Lift up thine eyes, Jerusalem 206
Light of the world, I come to Thee! . . . 62
Long days and nights, upon this restless bed . 131
Long hath He waited for you, long . . . 12
Long years of peace 193
Look on the better sacrifice, O Lord . . . 53

PAGE

Lord God of Israel 203
Lord, this is not Jerusalem 110
Lying sleepless oft at midnight 178

Make friends with Time: the years are flying . 190
Meek and lowly 152
Meek and lowly let me be 120
Most at home among the angels 114

Nay, bury not the Past; it is not dead . . 168
No crowd is gathered here to greet their King . 154

O blind, O blind in sin 97
O mighty Breath of God 89
O'er the green hills of Erin 124
Only the turf is green 272
Out of the womb of the gloomy night . . . 261

Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come! 40
Rejoice ye with Jerusalem! 197
Rest of all rests art Thou 57

See, the lost one seeks the Shepherd . . . 264
Seeking Thy lost ones here on earth . . . 24
Shall I never wash thy feet? 34
Silence! The future has become the past . . 180
Star of Jacob, light of gladness 167
Stay, stay behind me here, my busy thoughts . 223

PAGE

Steer for the haven; thick broods the night . 188
Still day and night alternate! 182
Strangers here, we lift our eye 189

Teach me Thy love, O gracious Son of God! . 17
That sun thou shalt not need 270
The Babe has gone! 166
The day came freshly up, and spread itself . . 274
The love that passeth knowledge . . . 276
The Rock was smitten, and from it . . . 87
The sands beneath my feet, the stars above . 232
The stars are still above us 271
The tempest has been long, and through the sky . 220
Thee would we follow to the cross . . . 86
There never came an emptier soul to Thee . . 266
They go: we weep, yet dry our tears . . 257
Thou shalt lie down, but not to rest in peace . 95
Thy youth is still upon thee; use it well . . 64
'Tis only for a season 70
To visit earth, O Master 61

Under Thy shadow 37

We went to Bethlehem 163
When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns . 43
With thanks we closed the year 177

Ye virgins, gird your loins! 80

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S
NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Tenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

IMAGO CHRISTI: THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. James Stalker, D.D., Glasgow, Author of "The Life of Jesus Christ," "The Life of St. Paul," etc.

"The execution is full of ingenuity, and the book can be recommended as a devout and thoughtful commentary on practical Christian life in many phases. Mr. Stalker has broad sympathies and a watchful eye, and speaks in a tone that will commend itself to all his readers."—*Saturday Review.*

"A delightful book upon a glorious subject, by one who is better qualified to write it than any other living man."—*Sword and Trowel.*

With Portrait. Thirteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

JOHN G. PATON, Missionary to the New Hebrides: an Autobiography. First Part. Edited by his Brother, the Rev. James Paton, B.A.

Dr. T. L. Cuyler says: "The most robust and the most fascinating piece of autobiography that I have met with in many a day. . . . A book which is as thrilling as any romance."

The Rev. Dr. Pierson, author of "The Crisis of Missions," says: "I consider it *unsurpassed* in missionary biography. In the whole course of my extensive reading on these topics, a more stimulating, inspiring, and every way first-class book has not fallen into my hands. Everybody ought to read it."

With Frontispiece. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

JOHN G. PATON, Missionary to the New Hebrides: an Autobiography. Second Part.

"That the present volume will be received with as much favour as its predecessor may be looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Together they form one of the most fascinating records of missionary work."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The second half is not a whit behind its predecessor in living, fascinating interest. All the intellectual negations of the universe are powerless against such glorious and indisputable facts."—*Christian.*

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row.

With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

PROFESSOR W. G. ELMSLIE, D.D.:

Memoir and Remains. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., Editor of "The Expositor."

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

RESCUERS AND RESCUED:

Experiences among our City Poor. By the Rev. James Wells, M.A., Glasgow, Author of "Christ and the Heroes of Christendom, etc.

Contents :—The Red Testament—Lizzie—The "Missionar' Gentleman" — The Inquirer — Pagan Glasgow — A Perfect Heathen—Professor Friday—Burglar and Sage—Wee Katie—The Ragged Girl—Lords and Devils—A Genuine Convert—Our Sceptics—That Boy—Johnny's Mother—Taking the Jump—The "Missionar' Lady"—The Elder—Mick—Humble Heroines—Dick the Poacher—The Village Outcast—The Navvy.

"These touching and life-like portrayals of life and labour among the poor."—*Word and Work.*

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

Expository and Homiletic. By the Rev. John Laidlaw, D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh; Author of "The Bible Doctrine of Man," etc.

"A work that will find its way into many hands that seldom grasp the ordinary volume of sermons. . . . Earnest, sensible, and helpful."—*Scottish Leader.*

"Ministers and teachers will find the whole work universally instructive; it abounds in wise, searching, discriminating remarks."—*British Weekly.*

THE LATE DR. SOMERVILLE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

PRECIOUS SEED SOWN IN MANY LANDS.

Sermons by the late Rev. A. N. Somerville, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch and Portrait.

"The sermons have a quaint and peculiar charm. They are never unnatural or overstrained. They abound in simple and telling illustrations, mainly drawn from the writer's own experience, and they approach the heart and conscience by every possible avenue."—*British Weekly.*

"These sermons are exceptionally clear and animated. Old stories are freshly and brightly reproduced, and the illustrations often telling."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"They have an unction and fire which bespeak the earnestness of the preacher . . . there is some good word-painting, and many impressive appeals to the conscience and the heart."—*Scotsman.*

THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE.

Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis, New College, Edinburgh.

"The style of this book is simple, the march of the thought strong and unencumbered, and there is in the ripe result a perfect assimilation of varied erudition."—*The late Professor Elmslie.*

Crown, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

JUDGES AND RUTH. By the Rev. R. A. Watson, M.A., Author of "Gospels of Yesterday."

"Is possessed of great literary merit, abounds in eloquent passages, is pervaded throughout by a high moral and religious tone, and is altogether an admirable addition to the 'Expositor's Bible.'"—*Scotsman.*

Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL. By the Rev. Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D.

"There can be no doubt of the care and thoroughness with which Dr. Blaikie has executed his task. . . . A solid and able piece of work."—*Academy.*

Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE SECOND BOOK OF SAMUEL. By the Rev. Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D.

"Of the utmost value to preachers and teachers, being very full of suggestive thoughts."—*English Churchman.*

Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH. Chapters I.—XXXIX. By the Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A., Aberdeen.

"This is a very attractive book. . . . Lucid, impressive, and vivid."—*Spectator.*

Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By the Rev. Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D.

"Marked by the author's well-known characteristics of rich Scriptural learning, catholicity of tone, deep spiritual insight."—*Academy.*

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION. By the Rev. Prof. W. Milligan, D.D., of the University of Aberdeen.

"Clear and scholarly."—*Saturday Review.*

WORKS BY PROF. MARCUS DODS, D.D.

Fifth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"The authenticity, authorship, history, object, and general character of each book are discussed with admirable condensation and lucidity, and with ample critical knowledge."—*Scotsman.*

Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

First Series. The Parables recorded by St. Matthew.

"There is certainly no better volume on the subject in our language."—*Glasgow Mail.*

Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

Second Series. The Parables recorded by St. Luke.

"Expositions of marvellous clearness and insight."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ISAAC, JACOB, AND JOSEPH.

"The present volume is worthy of the writer's reputation. He deals with the problems of human life and character, which these biographies suggest, in a candid and manly fashion."—*Spectator.*

Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE PRAYER THAT TEACHES TO PRAY.

"It is highly instructive, singularly lucid, and unmistakably for quiet personal use."—*Clergyman's Magazine.*

Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ISRAEL'S IRON AGE: Sketches from the Period of the Judges.

"Powerful lectures. This is a noble volume, full of strength."—*Nonconformist.*

Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MOHAMMED, BUDDHA, and CHRIST.

"To us this book is specially welcome, as an evidence, in addition to many others, of a new outburst of earnest religious thought and sentiment."—*Spectator.*

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.